

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

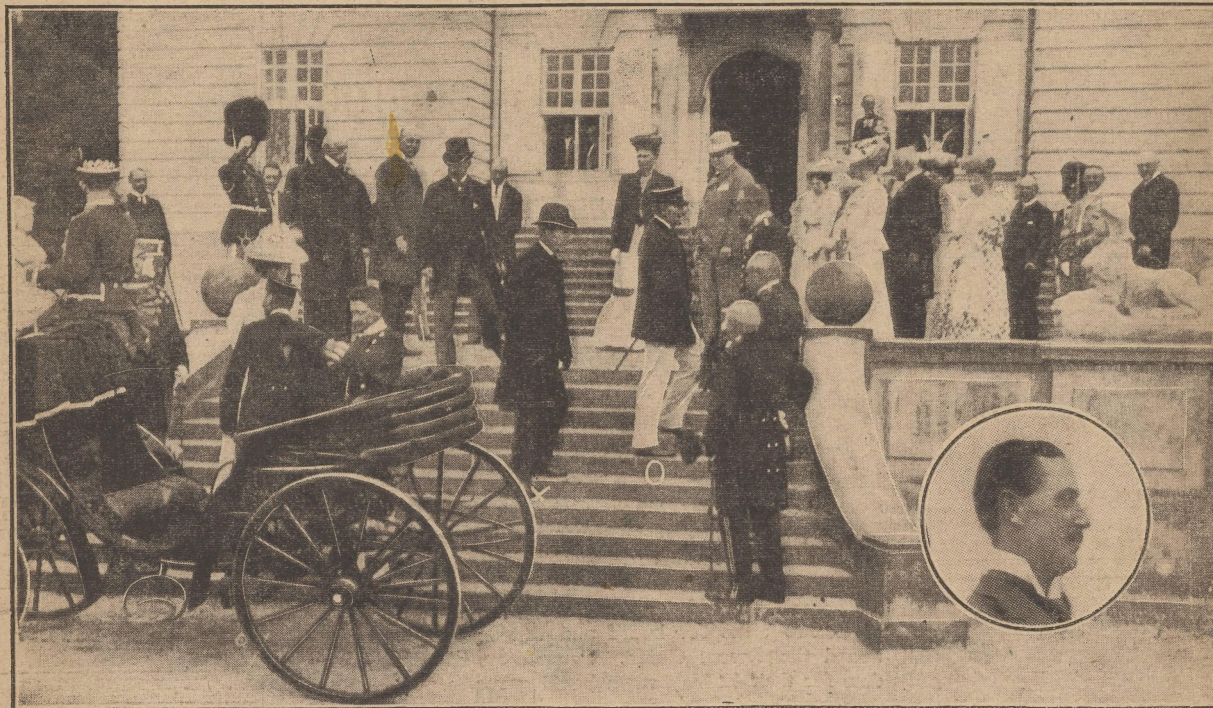
No. 548.

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

HISTORIC MEETING OF SOVEREIGNS AT COPENHAGEN.



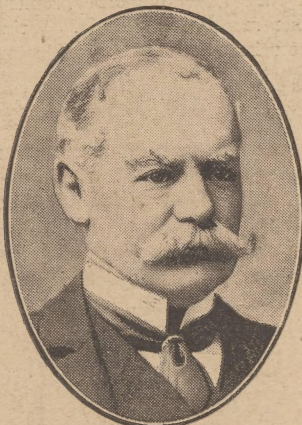
King Christian of Denmark and the Kaiser at Copenhagen. The meeting of the two Sovereigns has aroused the greatest interest, as it is believed that its result was to produce an agreement on the subject of a possible acceptance of the Norwegian crown by Prince Charles of Denmark, the husband of Princess Maud, King Edward's youngest daughter. The position of King Christian in the photograph is indicated by a cross and that of the Kaiser by a circle. A portrait of Prince Charles is inserted in the lower right-hand corner.

COUNT GLEICHEN,



Son of Princess Hohenlohe, who made heroic attempts to save the life of a servant who was drowned while bathing.—(Elliott and Fry.)

REPORTED ENGAGEMENT OF THE KING'S HOST.



The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who is entertaining the King and Queen at Goodwood, is said to have become engaged to—



—Evelyn, Lady Alington, widow of the late Lord Alington. The Duke has already been twice married, his second wife having died in 1887.—(Russell—Esmé Collings.)

GENERAL RESIGNS.



Major-General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew has resigned his command of the 8th Division, which has its headquarters at Cork.—(Stuart.)

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS.
IMPORTANT CHANGES OF PROGRAMME.
 PROGRAMME AT 12 NOON AND 2 P.M.
 THE DIAMOND EXPRESS. Mr. Cecil Raleigh's sensational melodrama. Mrs. CLEMENT MONTAGUE. Mrs. BROWN POTTER and Mr. GILBERT HARRIS. "I PAGLIACCI." Mr. A. C. LILLY. "THE SHIRAZ MUSE." Mrs. E. E. BROWN. "THE GAMBLING MAN." Mr. and Mrs. CAROLITA LEVAY. ILLUSTRATED SONGS. GRAND RACING SPECTACLE. "THE DERBY." SELECT VARIETIES.

O.D.I.E.U.M. CHARING CROSS.
 PROGRAMME AT 3 P.M. AND 9 P.M.
 Miss MADGE LESSING in grand new songs. "MY IRISH MOLLY O!" and "THE EVOLUTION OF RAG TIME." EUGENE STRATTON in special reproduction of "I SAY BE CRAZY, BUT I LOVE YOU" or "THE HORSE-THIEF'S PLEA." MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTIONS OF STREET SCENES FROM GOUDY'S "FAIRY" with LEAPFRIE PRINGLE as "MEPHISTOPHELES." Miss MABEL LOVE in "THE WISHING GIL." Mr. EDWARD LEVY and Miss QUEENIE LEIGHON in "QWEAH KWESCHNA." Mr. J. Hickory Wood's Parody on "LEAH KLECHNA." ILLUSTRATED SONGS. CHARMING NEW VARIETIES.

O.D.I.E.U.M. CHARING CROSS.
 Priests—Boxes 42 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s. 6d. Penthons 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. Stalls 5s. 4s., 3s., and 2s. Telephone, No. 7699 Gerrard. Grand Tier 1s. Balcony 6d. (Telephone, No. 7699 Gerrard). Children under 12 half-price to all Stalls. Telegrams, "Coliseum, London."

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY.
 COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.
 Representative Displays from all parts of the World.

GREAT SONALI ANIMAL CAMP.
 Displays by Native Warriors. 2.30, 4.30, and 6.30.
CAFE CRISTAL. 4.30 AND 6.30.
BAND OF WEST INDIA REGIMENT. 4.30 AND 6.30.
TO-MORROW AT 9.15. FIREWORK DISPLAY BY BROCK.
 Table d'hôte Luncheon and Dinners in the new Dining-Room overlooking the grounds and fireworks display. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co. Caterers by Appointment.

CRYSTAL PALACE. BANK HOLIDAY.
 CONTINUOUS PROGRAMME ALL DAY.
 Cycle Meeting. Hallowell Ascent.
 Maxine's Flying Machine. Wragge's Palais de l'Optique.
 Voyage in a Submarine. Fair Archipelago.
 Musical Hands playing all day.
GEORGES FIREWORK DISPLAY BY BROCK.
 Colossal Fire Picture. King Edward VII. Peace-maker.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS. "HENGELER'S."
OXFORD-CIRCUS. W. Over 200 Acting and Performing Animals. Daily 3 and 6. Prices from 6d. Children half-price. Telephone 4128 Gerrard. At Home," daily. "Jumbo Junior," Society's latest pet. At Home," daily.

WHERE TO SPEND BANK HOLIDAY.

EARL'S COURT.
 London's One Pleasure Resort.
 Special Attractions.
NAVAL, SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.
 11 a.m. till 11 p.m. Admission 1s.
 Naval Construction. Armaments. Shipping. and Fisheries.
NELSON'S CELEBRARY RELICS. "Victory."
 Fishing Village. Working Exhibits. Model of "Victory."
BAND OF HM. 2nd LIFE GUARDS.
EXHIBITION NAVAL BAND.
 Go on board the first-class ship in London.
 Batteries of 4.7 Guns. Hotchkiss and Maxim.
 The Cruiser in the crew of 150 Handsome.
PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.
 West's "Our Navy's Maritime Victories" Machine.
 Fairy Grotto. Indian Canoes. Burton's Great Red Indian Village—Chiefs, Squaws, and Papooses. Voyage in a Submarine.
 Vanderdecken's Haunted Cabin. Famous Sea Fights. His de Rohan's Musical and Dramatic Sketches. Tillikum Canoe.

ONE MILLION SHILLINGS FUND.

URGENT.
 The Friends of Dr. BARNARD'S HOMES will be interested to learn the result of the recent Appeal for £120,000 on behalf of these National and Christian Institutions. Up to the present date, £120,000 in donations received have amounted to £25,811 13s. 9d. But we regret to say that since the 20th July there have been but few responses received, and it is evident that the effect of the Appeal is dying down. The Council of the Association, however, feel the paramount importance of obtaining further help PROMPTLY, and believe that the contributions of people all over the country interested in this Christian and National work on behalf of Welf and Orphan Children who have never before been before them imagine that Small Gifts are not acceptable, have now inaugurated a

ONE MILLION SHILLINGS FUND.

They earnestly ask the readers of the DAILY MIRROR to co-operate in making this a success. Everyone can spare One Shilling or Two shillings, and many can spare Five shillings or even Ten shillings for this marvellously successful work among our Waifs and Strays.

All we ask is that each person who reads this announcement will endeavour to give at least ONE SHILLING, but we hope some readers may be able also to COLLECT A FEW SHILLINGS.

A Special Card for collecting SHILLINGS will be sent to anyone who writes to Mr. George Code, the Honorary Secretary, at the address given below. These Cards should be returned by 31st August when it is hoped that the MILLION SHILLINGS FUND will have been successful, and that we have thereby added £250,000 to the Founder's Day Fund. Already the following Gifts Promises have been received:

"Gratitude to God" promises 1,000 shillings
 The Lord Mayor of London gives 210
 Mr. J. B. Bedford promises 100
 Miss Admitt promises 100
 Mrs. Travers promises 100
 The Little Marquis of Donegal has sent 20
 While Mr. Howard Williams, the late Chairman of the Council, generously promises to give the last 10,000

Many of the Old Boys and Girls of the Homes who have heard of the Fund and its objects, are sending in their gifts of ONE or MORE SHILLINGS. It was to further this FUND that Her Majesty QUEEN ALEXANDRA sent the following telegram, which was read at the Meeting at the Mansion House, presided over by the Lord Mayor of London, on 10th July:

"The Queen wishes you success in your endeavour and God-speed in your good work."
 Our Council believe that very many of those kind friends who have ready generosity contributed to the Founder's Day Fund will be willing even further to assist by INVITING THEIR FRIENDS TO GIVE.

say ONE SHILLING each.
 We therefore hope that there may be a large and immediate application to the address given below for the

SPECIAL COLLECTING CARDS FOR THE ONE MILLION SHILLINGS FUND WHICH ARE NOW READY.

BRASSY, President.
WILLIAM BAKER, Chairman of Council.
GEORGE CODE, Honorary Secretary.

Head Office:
 National Waifs' Association (Dr. Barnard's Homes),
 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.

TWO WEEKS' HOLIDAY FREE

AT THE SEASIDE OR IN THE COUNTRY

You Select the Time, Place, and Hotel or Boarding House - -

WE PAY THE BILL

A Unique Offer!

The Proprietors of the "Daily Mirror" Holiday Resort Guide have selected three names of advertisers from their Holiday Resort Guide, viz.—an Hotel, a Boarding House, and an Apartment House, and are prepared to give full free board and lodging, for period not exceeding two weeks, to the first person sending us the name of one of the three selected, stating that he has applied to same for board and residence and has mentioned the Resort Guide. Competitors can choose any date for their holiday when booking rooms.

HOW TO GET YOUR HOLIDAYS FREE.

Engage your rooms at any Hotel, Boarding House, or Apartments advertised in the "Daily Mirror" Holiday Resort Guide, at same time mentioning Guide. Write and let us know whom you have applied to, enclosing picture of the

BATHING BOYS

appearing in the advertisement on back of cover. The first application received giving the chosen Hotel, Boarding House or Apartments, will be awarded full free board and lodging for period applied for, but not exceeding two weeks in duration.

Read particulars carefully as no correspondence can be entered into regarding this Competition.

THE "DAILY MIRROR" HOLIDAY RESORT GUIDE

Price 3d. ON SALE AT ALL BOOK-STALLS & NEWSAGENTS. Price 3d.

It tells Where to Go, How to Get There, Where to Stay, and gives all the information the holiday-seeker needs.

BIRTHS.

ASTBURY.—On August 2, at Allerton Mount, Derby, the wife of L. A. Astbury of a son.
BALLARD.—On July 31, at 8, Hereford-square, S.W., the wife of Captain G. A. Ballard, R.N., Naval Intelligence Department, of a son.
SINGER.—On August 1, at 5, Carlton-mansions, West-end-lane, N.W., to Mrs. S. Singer, of a daughter.
WADE-EVANS.—At 41, Goldsmith-avenue, Acton, W., to Florence Wade-Evans, of a daughter (Mary Owen).

WALKER.—On August 1, the wife of L. V. Walker, 61, Lower Addiscombe-road, Croydon, of a daughter.

WHITLEY.—On Monday, July 31, at Lingfield, to Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Whitley, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

HANDSCHIN-KIDD.—On August 2, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar-square, by the Rev. Hamilton-Rose, M.A., Emil Handschin, of Zurich, Switzerland, and Annie, widow of the late David Kidd, of West Dulwich.
HIND-HILL.—On the 1st inst., at Bromborough Parish Church, by the late Canon Kings D.C.L., Dean of St. Anne's, Birkenhead, assisted by the Rev. R. E. Roberts, curate of Birkenhead, Charles Hind, eldest son of Herbert W. Hind, Ashville, Birkenhead, and Harletheath Hall, Mold, to Phyllis Emily, eldest daughter of the late Joseph and Emily Hill, of Manchester.

DEATHS.

CONNOR.—On August 2, at 5, Melrose-villas, Finchley, Joseph M. Connor, late National Provincial Bank of England, aged 72.

DAYEY.—On August 1, at 17, Walpole-road, Twickenham, Ellen Liscombe, widow of William Daye, Stoke Damrell, Devon.

DOXFORD.—On August 1, at The Oaks, Hydon, Sunderland, Hilda, wife of William Doxford.

EARLE.—On July 31, at Great Yeldham Rectory, the Rev. William James Earle, for twenty-four years rector of the parish, and formerly for thirty-two years second master of Uppingham School, aged 78 years. No flowers, by request.

FINLAYSON.—On July 31, at his residence, 10, Tooting-place, London, Thomas Finlayson, G.R., late Madras, son of the Rev. John Finlayson, M.A., Minister of Mid and South Well, Shetland, and nephew of James Finlayson, D.D., minister of the High Church, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, and Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, in his 88th year.

GREGORY.—On July 31, at 11, Mount Ararat, Richmond, Surrey, in his 91st year, John Gregory, barrister, of the Middle Temple, and formerly a member of her late Majesty's Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms.

PERSONAL.

YEAPAR.—Still true. Wishing to see you. Best love. PLUMS, 24th, 3s. each.—King, Philippside, Evesham.

ST. GABRIEL'S (week, medium) want Bank Holiday Match. Twenty miles out. Private ground.—McCutcheon, 110, Wantland-park-avenue, Manor Park, E.

THE "Daily Mirror" will be forwarded post free daily for 6d. a week to any address in the United Kingdom.—Address "The Publisher," 12, Whitefriars-st., London, E.C.

MISSING.—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative, who has disappeared abroad, in the Colonies, or in the United States, let him advertise in the "Over-Sea Daily Mail," which reaches every town in the whole world where any English-speaking person is to be found. Specimen copy and terms of application to Advertising Department, "Over-Sea Daily Mail," 3, Carmelite House, Temple, London, E.C.

* The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m. and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word after—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., London.

RAILWAYS, SHIPPING, ETC.

COOK'S A.B.C. PROGRAMME OF HALF-DAY AND DAY TRIPS daily from LONDON, free on application.
FEHOS, COOK and SON, LUGGATE-CIRCUS, and Branches.

DON'T START on Holiday without a really good Map; thousands to select from at Anderson's, 37, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.4., and 138, Charing Cross, also several hundred LADIES' spring and summer waterproofs, clearing at HALF-PRICE.

DENTISTRY.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought, good prices given; money sent return post; if price not accepted teeth returned.—V. Pearce, 10, Great Portland-st., W.1.
TEETH.—A complete set £1; single teeth, 2s. 6d. each; sets complete in four hours if required; American Crown and Bridge work; dentures, 1s. 6d. per piece, with 2s. 6d.—The People's Teeth Association, 138, Strand, London, W.C.

TEETH Free.—The Benevolent Dental Society of Great Britain, founded to supply Artificial Teeth Free to the Needy Poor, those of Small Means, and Surveilled Order Letters are given to Private Dentists for Free Teeth.—Applications by letter, at Office, 7, Whitefriars-st., E.C.4. Edwin Drew, Sec., Editor "Amusement," which has details.

MARKETING BY POST.

CORNISH Baffron Cake (special), 5d. per lb.; Gingerbread, 6d. per lb.; postage extra.—Radmore, Confectioner, Truro.

PLUMS! Plums! Plums!—E. G. Heywood, Wye, Pershire, Worcestershire, will send post free a copy of his illustrated price list, which see before buying elsewhere.

GARDENING.

CARNATIONS.—12 splendid root plants, 1s. 3d.; 24, 2s. 6d.; free—Head Gardener, William-st., Sittingbourne.

CARNATIONS.—1000 freshly-cut, selected Blooms, superb colours, great variety, 2s. 6d. 1s. 3d.; free—Whitely, Maidencombe, Teignmouth Devon.

EDUCATIONAL.

GHATHAM House College, Ramsgate.—Founded 94 years. High-class school for the sons of gentlemen; Army, professions, and commercial life. Corps of cadets. 180 boys. H. V. B. R. H. (The Buffs); junior school for boys under 13; 40-page illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

BOARD RESIDENCE AND APARTMENTS.

KILBURN (10, Brondesbury-village)—Superior board-residence, 64y men; one ensuite studio; bath, garden; from 21s.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS.

WESTOLFE-ON-SEA.—Board-Residence; charges moderate; facing sea.—Apply Proprietress, Britannia House.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

TWO Gent's Cycles: £4 5s. and 45s.; honestly worth double.—183, Camberwell-rd.

THE CHARING CROSS BANK. Est. 1870. 119 and 120, Bishopsgate-st., Within, E.C.1. London, and 28, Bedford-square, Charing Cross, W.1. London. Branches at Manchester, Liverpool, Bradford, Leeds, Bristol, Birmingham, Cardiff, and Sheffield.

Capital, £250,000. Liabilities, £72,291. Surplus, £232,112. 2 1/2 per cent. allowed on current account balances. Deposits at 4 1/2 per cent. received as under: Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann. 12 7

Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. The Terminal Deposit Bonds pay nearly 7 per cent., and are a safe investment. Write or call for prospectus.

A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

TRAMCAR FALLS SEVENTY FEET.

Passengers Hurlled Over Precipitous Cliffs at Ramsgate.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPES

Awestruck Thousands Witness Frantic Leaps for Life.

A tramcar disaster of a most serious and remarkable character took place at Ramsgate yesterday, one of the cars running from Broadstairs being hurled over a cliff and falling a distance of 60ft. or 70ft.

Five passengers, the driver, and the conductor were seriously injured.

It was about eleven o'clock when the accident happened, and it is remarkable, as well as fortunate, that the car was not loaded at the time with holiday-makers.

As the car reached the Madeira Walk, a somewhat steep, zigzag approach to the harbour from the East Cliff, it was seen to swerve from the rails, which had been rendered exceedingly slippery by heavy rain.

In vain did the brave driver try to right the swerving vehicle, but it tore ahead and plunged into the fence which borders the road overlooking the cliff.

EXCITING SCENE.

Now the case was hopeless. Amid the cries of the terrorised occupants, the huge car toppled over the edge and, hurled into space, fell a distance of about seventy feet.

As soon as the cars left the rails one passenger sprang from the car and alighted safely. The conductor, Stanley Jones, also jumped just as the car was toppling over the cliff-edge. The driver, a man named Lloyd, however, was not so fortunate, as when he took his leap for life he was hurled into the ruins of an old house half-way down the cliff, sustaining severe injuries and shock.

Both he and his colleague were removed home on ambulances.

A boy named Charles Smith, of Ringwood-villas, Thanet-road, Ramsgate, and Mrs. White, of Wrotham-crescent, Broadstairs, were injured about the body, but the most serious injuries were sustained by Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Weston, visitors at the Albion Hotel, Broadstairs.

All of the injured, however, were sent to their places of residence.

CAR'S SOMERSAULT.

Those who witnessed the accident were paralysed with terror. The huge vehicle in falling turned a semi-somersault and was, of course, completely wrecked. It is a miracle that there was no loss of life.

The accident was witnessed by thousands of people on the shore, who were awestruck and terrified by the frightful spectacle.

The news soon spread through the crowded town, and visitors, desiring all idea of holiday-making, soon flocked to the spot, where salvage operations were put into force.

There have been more than one serious accident on this system, but none of them have been of such a sensational character as that which took place yesterday.

SOURCES OF DANGER.

Two important points are raised by this mishap: The exact extent of the danger to which a passenger on this type of car is subject to when descending an incline, and—the remedy.

"The real dangers are not nearly so great as one would at first imagine from the large number of recent accidents," said the manager of one of the largest firms of electric tramway contractors in London to the *Daily Mirror*. "They appear to consist of four things—faulty brakes, inexperienced driving, slippery rails, and too steep a descent. But, given effective brakes, the danger is minimised to a great extent."

"Practically all the electric cars at present running are the strongest of their kind, and the permanent way is laid out by the most experienced engineers."

"In the case of the Ramsgate line the rails are of the girder type, weighing 85lb. per yard, and they are secured by six large bolts and lock-nuts, so that you can imagine there is little chance of their collapsing from any cause whatever. On those lines where there is only a single set of rails at certain parts the danger is, of course, increased."

"Do you anticipate any peril from overhead wires?"

"Little or none. The standards which carry the trolley wires are invariably placed at intervals of, say, 40 yards, and the trolley wire manufactured of hard-drawn copper, is double throughout. There is, therefore, little chance of it breaking—an important point when a car is travelling down hill."

M.P.s ON SENTRY-GO.

Precautions Taken to Prevent a Government Surprise by "Snap Vote."

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Thursday Night.—The number of "snap" divisions which the Opposition arranged during the past few weeks has compelled the Government Whips to post "sentries" at all the entrances to the House.

Not one is left unguarded. A favourite mode of ingress is through the Terrace smoking-room, and even here a watchful member is placed, as soon as an M.P. appears through, immediately notifies the fact of his arrival to the clerk in the Whips' room.

In this way the Government Whips are kept continuously posted as to the strength of the Opposition forces in the vicinity of the House, and are consequently in a comfortable position to gauge the possibilities in an important division.

The knowledge of these precautions makes it improbable that any real "snap" divisions will be precipitated during the remainder of the session, but it is significant to remark the curious reluctance displayed by the forces on both sides to leave town, and there is a lingering suspicion in the minds of many members that the session will not be allowed to fade away altogether in peace.

I am able to state that arrangements have been concluded between the Government and the Opposition which practically ensures the passing of the Unemployed Bill this session.

GERMANY AND OUR COAL.

Exports Can Be Instantly Prohibited Whenever the English Government Desires.

Is it possible for the Government, in time of war, to prevent the export of coal to other naval Powers? In reply to this question, asked in the House of Commons yesterday, the Attorney-General stated that coal is included in the category of naval stores. Under the Exportation of Arms Act, 1900, and an older Act passed in 1879, his Majesty has power by proclamation or Order in Council to prohibit the export of all such stores and other warlike materials to any country.

INDIA'S SCOURGE.

Nineteen Lives Lost in Falling Houses by Another Earthquake.

LAHORE, Thursday.—A few days ago an earthquake shock was experienced at the village of Kalu. Some rocks which were displaced fell, crushing four houses in the village below and killing fourteen natives.

The same shock destroyed a house at Mandi, killing five persons.

The Executive Committee of the Earthquake Relief Fund has now distributed £30,500, mainly among the non-agricultural classes, but also among the widows and orphans of agriculturists.—Reuter.

The present year has been remarkable for the number of earthquake shocks, the most terrible in its consequences, of course, being the disturbance which devastated Dharmasala on April 4, when the loss of life approximated 5,000, Lady Curzon having a narrow escape.

SCIENCE FAILS TO OUST LOVE.

Professor Stopped in His Attempt To Arrange Marriages Upon Logical Lines.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Tuesday.—Match-making upon scientific principles has received a sudden check at Chicago University.

Professor Starr had planned a party for members of his anthropology classes, at which matches were to be suggested based upon purely scientific ideas, the love element being eliminated.

But at the last moment President Harper, of the University, objected to the match-making feature of the party. So students will doubtless go on making love in the old-fashioned way.

MIND UNHINGED BY LOTTERY.

The congregation of the church of St. Merris, Paris, was startled by a ringing voice from the pulpit, whither a handsome and perfectly gowned woman had ascended unperceived.

"I am Pope Joan," she cried, "descended to earth to bring you the blessing of Heaven and the prayers of the saints that you may all win in the Press lottery." She had drawn a losing number in the lottery.

SCANTY FRUIT CROPS IN CANADA.

OTTAWA, Thursday.—The Department of Agriculture has issued a report stating that there is only half the quantity of apples gathered last year. The pear crop is light, scarcely enough for the local markets, but there is a fair quantity of peaches.—Reuter.

WHO WILL BE NORWAY'S KING?

Prince Charles and His English Bride

Dear To All Norse Hearts.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

COPENHAGEN, Thursday.—Copenhagen has quite made up its mind that Prince Charles, the Crown Prince's second son, is to be King of Norway.

The Kaiser's visit has set the final seal on the matter, and the general opinion is that "Norway is very lucky to get him."

He is certainly just the personality to suit the hardy Norwegians, and though he has taken but little part in political affairs, as his father is too energetic to need much assistance, he has shown capacity on occasion.

Of late he has not taken so active a part in naval matters as he did before the birth of his son. But he and his wife, King Edward's youngest daughter, lead the most simple lives they can. References are often made of the fact that they live in a flat, but as there are over twenty rooms in it, it is no ordinary one.

Under their rule the Norwegian Court would soon become even more democratic than the Danish, for it is an open secret that the royal couple escape from ceremony as much as possible.

Princess Charles affects a very simple style of dress, and no one would suspect her rank from her attire. The Prince looks more like a military man than a naval, though his tastes run to all things connected with the sea, and he is the very man to rule a nation of sailors.

ROYAL CHRISTENING.

Distinguished Sponsors for Little Prince John Charles Francis of Wales.

The infant son of the Prince and Princess of Wales was christened in Sandringham Church yesterday, being given the names of John Charles Francis.

The sponsors were the King of Portugal, the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, Prince Charles of Denmark, Prince John of Glücksberg, Princess Alexander of Teck, and the Duke of Fife. But none of this distinguished company was present in person, all were represented by the Prince of Wales and the Princess Victoria.

The ceremony, like all the royal christenings of recent years, was strictly private in character.

PARIS BANK PANIC.

Excited Depositors Undecided Whether To Laugh or Cry.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—There was great excitement to-day at the Trinite Warehouse Savings Bank in consequence of the bank counters being closed.

A notice had been put up stating that the savings bank was temporarily closed. This came as a great surprise, for a feeling of confidence had been created as the result of the bank having paid everybody.

As soon as it began to be known to-day that the savings bank was closed, excited depositors ran up, and soon the premises were flooded with angry depositors, who had hitherto shown full confidence in the savings bank by leaving their money there throughout the rush.

The officials assert that the bank will be reopened to-morrow (Friday).

SENSITIVE BANK CLERK.

Reproved for Rudeness to a Customer, He Blows Out His Brains.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—This morning a bank clerk who had shown unnecessary excitement in a dispute with a client was taken to task for his rudeness by the manager of the bank—an important one on the Boulevard St. Germain.

The clerk, Baron George Lamet, immediately pulled out a revolver and blew his brains out behind the counter.

He had been suffering from acute neurasthenia.

DEAD MAN'S FINGER-PRINTS.

A man murdered in Paris, whose face was so disfigured that he was unrecognisable, has been identified by his finger-prints.

Finding no means of identification on him the police took the dead man's finger-prints, and, as they already had a record of the man's fingers, were thus able to find his name.

WELCOME TO ALBION.

French Sailors To Be Greeted with Quotations From Their Poets.

RUSH TO PORTSMOUTH.

Portsmouth has been energetically decorating itself for days. London has decided not to be behind, and when the sailors from the French fleet visit the City next Thursday and Friday they will find the streets adorned with flags and mottoes of welcome in French.

The march to the Guildhall will be by way of Blackfriars, Queen Victoria-street, and King-street; and the return journey by King-street, Queen-street, Cannon-street, St. Paul's Church-yard, Ludgate-hill, and Fleet-street.

The general scheme of decoration is the obvious red, white, and blue, and the flags of the two friendly nations. But the mottoes have taxed the ingenuity of those responsible.

At Brest the British Fleet were greeted with Shakespearean quotations, and the City has decided to return the compliment with selections from the French poet Béranger.

CITY'S WELCOME IN FRENCH.

Accordingly, when our visitors enter the City at Blackfriars, they will pass under a double flying arch bearing this couplet:—

"Toutes les mers sont lui sourire; qu'on est heureux sur un navire!" Which may be loosely translated into:

The sailorman is sure
Of a smile from every sea.
A life on the ocean wave
Is the life of lives for me.

In Queen Victoria-street there will be transverse lines of French and English flags, plenty of tricolour festoons, and more banners of welcome with inscriptions in French.

Long and anxious thought has evolved the following:—

"Vive la République Française!" (Long live the French Republic). "La Cité salut la France." (The City salutes France). "Vive l'Entente Cordiale." ("Long live our friendship"). "Celebrazons l'Amitié." ("Let us celebrate the friendship"), and "Soyez les Bienvenus." ("Welcome").

Where the route turns into Queen-street there will be: "Honneur à la Flotte Française." ("Honour to the French Fleet").

The most magnificent of all will be at the entrance to King-street, where a great tapestry banner will wave: "Reverer nous voit." ("Come and see us again").

A floral canopy of artificial roses and appropriate side-pieces with more roses, the City arms, and the emblem of the Republic complete the decorations there.

At the entrance to the Guildhall Yard there will be more banners, more flags, more tricolour festoons, and opposite St. Paul's another arch.

At Portsmouth our visitors are credited with a knowledge of English, and among its other decorations the town hall bears the simple legend, "Welcome."

But whichever way it is expressed, "Welcome" or "Soyez les Bienvenus," it is exactly what the nation means, and the decorations in the City and at Portsmouth but typify that of the country as a whole.

Southampton and Southsea are rapidly becoming overcrowded. All the available hotel accommodation is already taken.

An enormous number of berths have been booked in excursion steamers to see the naval pageant.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The steamer *Indravelli* has arrived at Hong Kong with 952 repatriated coolies from Durban.

At Toulon an unknown man shot and killed a sergeant and seriously wounded two captains. His motive is unknown.

Falling down a lift at the new Ritz Hotel, in Piccadilly, last night, a young man named Jenkins was instantaneously killed.

At Ipswich Station yesterday a train from Yarmouth collided with a special holiday train just moving out. Happily no one was injured.

Madrid newspapers state that in November Prince Charles of Bourbon, Prince of the Asturias, will marry the Infanta Teresa, his deceased wife's sister, and the King's tour has been postponed in consequence.

Passengers in a Hexham train were somewhat shaken by the engine running into the buffers at Newcastle, and traffic was disorganised on the electric railway from Richmond because of a fault in the circuit.

One passenger was killed and seventeen others injured, says a Reuter's Johnstown message, yesterday through two cars of a train on the Baltimore and Ohio railway falling through Paint Creek Bridge, an isolated part of the system.

"RECORD"**HOLIDAY RUSH.**

Enormous Railway Bookings for the Seaside and the Moors.

DESTRUCTIVE GALES.

Fully 100,000 tired Londoners flocked out of town yesterday to the green fields and the seashore. This season's holiday exodus is the largest London has known for many years.

Every train that left London yesterday was packed to the limit. The ordinary railway accommodation has been greatly augmented, but the lines that run to seaside resorts were taxed to their utmost to handle the crowds.

From Paddington alone no fewer than 15,000 passengers were carried to the resorts of the West of England and North Wales. The two heaviest trains that ever left Paddington pulled out for the West yesterday morning. Although the trains were divided one section alone carried 600 holiday passengers.

The morning train for Scotland from King's Cross was run in three sections to carry its 1,000 pleasure-seekers. Both of the Great Northern's Norfolk Coast trains had to be divided into three sections.

The noon train for Harrogate carried over 600 people. Fourteen thousand passengers was the estimated exodus from King's Cross.

Heavy Irish and Scotch Bookings.

Irish tourists packed the morning trains from Euston, and immense crowds of holiday hunters were carried on the afternoon trains to Blackpool, the Isle of Man, and the west of Scotland. The estimated departures for the various London and North-Western resorts reached 15,000 up to midnight.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast carried fully 10,000 people to the nearer resorts. The Dover traffic was especially heavy.

Tea-Shop on Wheels.

The supply of luncheon and tea baskets was not equal to the demand.

Passengers from Victoria Station (L. C. and D. R.) eagerly availed themselves of the new patent tea-trolley, an innovation by Messrs. J. Lyons and Co.

This travelling tea-shop is a handsome structure above five feet in height.

Hot toast, fruit, cakes, and all kinds of light refreshments are supplied from it.

Tea, brewed in the presence of the passenger at the carriage door, is 2d. a cup.

Weather Prospects Not Good.

Rain has fallen everywhere except in Scotland and parts of the north of Ireland, and changeable weather may be expected for another couple of days.

The latest reports are to the effect that over the Channel Islands the weather is clearing, and the improvement is likely to spread over the south of England.

In London nearly half an inch of rain had fallen yesterday by 6 p.m., and as the day wore on pessimists expressed the opinion that August was going to make up for the exceptional dryness of July.

Only two out of the last eight August Bank Holidays were wet, as the following table shows. Indeed, this holiday deserves its good reputation.

PREVIOUS YEARS.

1897 Fine.	1901 Fine.
1898 Fine.	1902 Showery.
1899 Overcast.	1903 Fine.
1900 Cold and wet.	1904 Fine.

Storm Accidents.

Three fishermen were drowned at Sidmouth yesterday owing to their boats capsizing in the south-easterly gale. The lifeboat was launched, but too late to rescue the men.

Motor-boats at Southampton, where the second day's reliability trials were to be run, had a rough experience in the gale.

The daring navigators, who ventured to take their boats out, had to bring them back quickly, and in docking them there were many mishaps. The 75-h.p. Thornycroft was flung about by the great waves so that it was feared she would be smashed to pieces.

Dismal scenes are reported from Yarmouth, where the beach was deserted, all the boats were drawn high up, and a long row of disconsolate-looking char-a-bancs waited for the rain to clear up.

Reports from Margate, Ramsgate, and Southend give distressing accounts of the search for apartments in the pouring rain.

These towns are already almost full, and visitors who had not secured apartments beforehand found great difficulty in obtaining them last night. Many wretched-looking parties of women and children waited for hours in the stations while husbands and fathers went out in search of lodgings.

TREASURY IN LUCK.

Enormous Sums Become Payable to the Chancellor for Death Duties.

The late Sir Robert Jardine has left an estate worth considerably more than £2,000,000, the major portion of this huge fortune having been amassed by his own industry.

He was a member of Messrs. Jardine, Matheson, and Co., merchants, of London and China, and a director of the Caledonian Railway and of the Scottish Provident Institution. But it was as a member of Parliament and an owner of racehorses and dogs that he was chiefly known to the public.

He won the Derby once, the Two Thousand Guineas twice, and the Waterloo Cup once.

The bulk of his great fortune is left to his only son, Sir Robert W. Jardine, now second baronet, of Castlemilk, Lockerbie.

This estate will yield a heavy addition to the large death-duties lately paid to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

On June 30 the estate of Mr. W. F. Cook was estimated at £1,203,000, and on August 2 Sir Bernhard Samuelson's estate was said to be £735,793.

The receipts from the death-duties during the current year are at present nearly three-quarters of a million more than in the corresponding period of last year.

The estates of Sir Robert Jardine, Mr. Wyndham Cook, Sir Bernhard Samuelson, Mr. Ford, Mr. Garton, and Mr. Behrens will probably yield to the Exchequer about £600,000 in death-duties, apart from legacy-duty.

CONQUEST OF KENT.

General Booth's Triumphant Pilgrimage Through the "Garden of England."

General Booth continued yesterday his triumphant progress through Kent, and, although from Sittingbourne to Tonbridge the rain fell in torrents, the Salvation Army veteran continued on his way, smilingly oblivious of all save his great mission.

When Maidstone was reached there was a civic welcome awaiting him. The mayor was in his robes, the council had been convened, and business was suspended. The General delivering a speech of characteristic fire and earnestness.

Tonbridge was then reached, and the Salvation Army leader was greeted with what is known as "Kentish fire." The party adjourned to the picturesque gardens of the castle, where the General held a sort of levee of the local corps. There was also a mass meeting in the public hall, where the General delivered an impressive address.

One of General Booth's cars, returning to London yesterday through Northfleet, ignited, and the front of the vehicle was wrecked before the flames could be extinguished.

SPLENDID IRISH "BULL."

Mr. Swift MacNeill Creates a Tempest of Laughter in House of Commons.

In the House of Commons last night Mr. Swift MacNeill introduced one of the finest bulls of Irish breed to the members.

In reply to the Nationalist's question whether the flogging of boys on our warships would be discontinued during the visit of the French Fleet in British waters, the Secretary to the Admiralty said: "I have nothing to add to my previous answers on this subject."

"Mr. MacNeill, rising with the impetuosity of inspiration, thereupon blurted out:—

"I must repeat the question, because I've never asked it before!"

A great roar of laughter echoed around him. While with rage, he shouted the question again and again. Then, as the beauty of the "bull" he had created dawned upon him, giggling quietly to himself, he softly resumed his seat.

LIGHTNING ROBBER.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—Louis Bebatasio was sitting on his verandah counting the money he had saved for a European trip, when a terrific flash of lightning nearly blinded him.

When he recovered his sight he found his purse had been struck, and all the paper money burned, although his hands were not even scorched.—Lafan.

"DANDY" GENERAL'S DIVE.

Major-General Sir R. Pole-Carew, whose resignation of his command has just been reported, used to be known as the "Dandy," but he lost that title in the South African war through the following action.

His brigade came upon a river drift strongly held by Boers, and hesitated at the water side.

Come on, boys! shouted the General, and he dived in head first. The brigade followed, and the enemy was driven off.

RISE IN SALARIES.

How Music-Hall Artists' Earnings Have Doubled.

Have music-hall artists' salaries reached high-water mark?

This question, raised by the chairman of the New Tivoli, Limited, at the annual meeting of the company, is being discussed with much keenness in music-hall circles in London.

The average of salaries of popular favourites has been rising steadily during the past twenty years, and the following table of weekly earnings will show approximately the increase during the past fifteen to twenty years:—

OLD TIMES.	RECENT.
George Leybourne £100	Fregoli £200
Leotard 100	Albert Chevalier 150
Henlon 100	Vesta Tilley 200
Vanco 80	Dan Leno 150
Lein 80	Sandow 150
"Zazelle" 80	Biondi 50

This shows that, roughly speaking, the salary of the popular artist has nearly doubled.

It is, however, a question of supply and demand. For instance, when the late Dan Leno was earning £150 a week at the Pavilion that theatre cleared £33,000 during the year.

The Alhambra has never done better business there when Fregoli was engaged at £200 a week.

But if salaries have increased, the expenses of artists have done so as well. Some turns require elaborate scenery and dresses, besides which travelling is an important item.

ART AND BUSINESS.

Why Do Popular Comedians Fail as Music-Hall Proprietors?

Two years ago a famous music-hall comedian earning £200 a week determined to make a great fortune. He took a small hall and gave performances there in the afternoon, devoting the evenings to society engagements.

The result is that the public have now forgotten his name. If he went back to the halls he would command quite a small salary.

When a popular music-hall favourite tries to realise his highest ambition, of becoming a music-hall proprietor, he sacrifices his fame. No longer advertised on all the hoardings, in all the newspapers, appearing no longer every week or so to audiences in different parts of London, he shrinks at last into the insignificance of an unsuccessful music-hall manager. He had better keep on the stage, for, as "Little Tich" tells the *Daily Mirror*, there are still palmy days for music-hall artists.

SWANS ATTACK BATHER.

Birds on the Thames Dangerous at this Season of the Year.

Swans on the Thames are protesting against human bathing, whether mixed or not, and are enforcing their protest in effectual manner.

A correspondent at Staines informs the *Daily Mirror* that he was "frightened for his life" the other morning while swimming across the stream.

He came upon two swans with a brood of young, and the elder birds swam at him so threateningly that he turned and hurried to the bank.

Swans are rapidly increasing in number on the river, and various correspondents point out that in the nesting season they are very dangerous birds.

There are suggestions that their number should be restricted.

ELEPHANT IN A TAVERN.

Lunches With Ladies and "Makes His Mark" in the Visitors' Book.

Ye Olde Cheshire—Cheese, Fleet-street's famous tavern, entertained an elephant yesterday. The nearest approach to such an event in its past history are the visits from the ponderous Dr. Johnson.

A party of fair Americans decided to entertain an elephant to lunch, and they wanted it to occupy Dr. Johnson's famous seat. So Jumbo Junior, the tiny elephant from the Italian Circus, was invited.

He drove up a few minutes after one, and to the delight of a large crowd and the fair Americans inside, marched up to the seat in the old inn's room.

He was too large to sit in the doctor's seat, but he lunched with the ladies, and afterwards smeared his trunk with ink and "made his mark" in the visitors' book.

£29,910 ASSETS REALISE NOTHING.

Hampered in extensive building operations by inclement weather, Messrs. Flew and Co., of North End-road, West Kensington, failed last year for £5,709.

The Official Receiver reported yesterday that their assets, estimated at £29,910, had, as yet, realised nothing, and on his representations the order for discharge was suspended for four years.

WIVES A HELP OR A HINDRANCE?

Brisk Volley of Replies to the "Daily Mirror's" Question.

WHAT BACHELORS SAY.

The question put in our leading article yesterday morning has already brought many answers. Most of them, it must be admitted, take the "hindrance" view, though there are exceptions. Here is a selection from the budget:—

Mr. John Burns is perfectly right. Nearly all men owe whatever good is in them to their wives. Without my wife I should be lost in my business, an outcast from society, a lonely, dull, tiresome old man.

Her unfailing help and love have made me what I am—a rich man, a popular man (judging by my invitations), best of all, I hope, a man who tries to do good. I owe it all to her.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS MARRIED.

Southampton Water.**Wives a Luxury.**

In the old days when women had not started the craze for "living their lives," and spent their time quietly at home over their house-work, it is possible that a wife may have been a help to a man. Today I have no hesitation in saying that she is an unmistakable hindrance.

What is the modern girl's view of marriage? She looks upon it, not as a series of duties to be undertaken, but as the way open to independence, money of her own, new pleasures, new society, new dresses, and new hats.

The modern wife is a luxury, an "objet de luxe." A man may provide one for himself as he would secure an expensive picture, a delicate vase, a bronze.

She is only fitted for the rich, who can afford to pay for her caprices, and who like to see time wasted in a graceful and becoming manner. The housewife, properly so-called, is becoming extinct. South Audley-street. MISOGYNIST.

A Money-Maker's View.

A wife may have been a help a generation or so ago, but nowadays, when "money makes money," she is certainly a hindrance.

The only way that a man can get on under modern conditions is by saving every penny that he can, and using that money to make more. As a wife increases one's expenses, she is a hindrance.

A wife is all very well when one has succeeded in life but not till then. C. H. P. Bedford-court-mansions, W.C.

Too Much Gadding-About.

The real reason to my mind for the woman of to-day failing to realise the standard of widowhood attained by the woman of fifty years ago is due to railways, motor-cars, tubes, etc.

In the old days one's friends were few and one's acquaintance very small. Nowadays one's acquaintance is very large, owing to the easy manner in which almost any part of town or country can be reached.

Consequently so-called social duties have utterly ousted domestic duties, and rounds of calls and lunches and dinners, resulting in utter fatigue, occupy the time usually spent by the wife in attending to her family and household duties.

A LONELY HUSBAND.

ELECTRIC MESSENGER.

Mayor's Strange Visitor Who Claimed He Was Once Prince of Wales.

Claiming to be charged with electricity, given off by electrical machines in the air, a man called upon the Mayor of Blackpool and delivered what he called an important document.

Withdrawing a heavily sealed packet from his pocket, he said he was from Hamilton, Ontario, and left.

Inside the packet were fifteen slips and another letter heavily sealed, which was opened and read.

The writer signed himself Stafford, said he was once the Prince of Wales, and signified his readiness to swear before Mr. A. J. Balfour that the English Throne was illegally occupied.

J.P. v. B.T.T.

In the recent squabble with the British Tea Table directors Mr. John Pearce suggested he might set up in opposition.

Sites are now being taken about London for the J.P. restaurants, in the management of which Mr. Horace Pearce will probably assist his father.

LIFE SAVED BY A HAT.

But for his hat a ploughman's son at New-castle-on-Roxburghshire, who fell into a pool in the River Liddle, would have been drowned.

The hat kept him afloat until his little sister waded out and rescued him.

QUARTETTE OF LOVELY SISTERS.

Miss Gwladys Wilson's Marriage
to Mr. Eric Chaplin.

BRIDE WITHOUT JEWELS.

"She is lustrously beautiful, a rose in its first bloom, a Lady Hamilton, only a little more opulent, a voluptuous, intensely attractive and altogether bewitching bride."

This is an admirer's description of Miss Gwladys Wilson, the bride of yesterday, who, in the little parish church close by Watter Priory, her Yorkshire home, was married to Mr. Eric Chaplin, son of the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P.

The bride is the fourth of a quartette of sisters celebrated alike for their beauty and the brilliance of their social careers. To find anything like a parallel for the beautiful Misses Wilson we must go back to the days of the beautiful Misses Gunning.

Four Beautiful Sisters.

The debut and marriage of each of the four daughters of Mr. Charles Wilson have been events in the social world. One married Lord Chesterfield, another Lord Hartopp, and a third, who is now the wife of Mr. Guy Fairfax, a Yorkshire magnate, was engaged for a few months to the Duke of Manchester. Now the fourth is married to Mr. Eric Chaplin.

This marriage has been talked of for some time past, but the consent of the young people's parents was only obtained a short time ago, and the wedding has not long been definitely announced.

Yesterday's was one of the prettiest weddings imaginable. The little church was filled with members of both families and a number of friends, many of whom drove from long distances in their motor-cars.

Bride Without Jewels.

The bride made a delightful picture as she entered the church on the arm of her father. She wore a Venetian satin gown, the hem embroidered all round with dull silver, and the bodice cut square and filled in with transparent lace. A wreath of myrtle was worn under a tulle veil, and she carried a bouquet of flowering myrtle, but did not wear a single article of jewellery.

Directly behind the bride walked four tiny couples. First tottered Lord Stewart, who will not be three until next November, and the Hon. Maurice Stewart. Three other couples of little folk followed—all the boys in white satin blouses and breeches, with large white hats, the girls wearing white frocks adorned with myrtle.

After the ceremony there was a reception at Watter Priory, marquee being erected in the grounds for entertainment of the tenants, and then the newly-married couple left for Lilleshall, Shropshire, lent to them for the honeymoon by the bridegroom's uncle, the Duke of Sutherland.

FAR SWEETER THAN SUGAR.

Heavy Fine for Smuggling the Sweetest
Substance in the World.

"One pound of saccharine contains as much sweetness as 500lb. of sugar," said a Customs official at the Thames Police Court yesterday.

From which it appears that the expression "as sweet as sugar" is out of date. We should say "as sweet as saccharine."

The point was mentioned during the hearing of the case against a Stepney greengrocer named Comblati, who was charged with being concerned in smuggling 61lb. of saccharine into the country by having it sent in a package described as containing enamel.

The prosecuting solicitor said the value of the saccharine was £601, and the duty was 1s. 3d. per ounce. He asked that the full penalty of £360 be inflicted.

Defendant was ordered to pay £123, in default, to go to prison for two months.

IRONICAL BANK SHAREHOLDERS.

Creditors and shareholders of the Economic Bank assembled at the Holborn Restaurant yesterday under the winding-up order, permitted themselves the luxury of ironical laughter when the chairman reported that, according to the memorandum of association, the bank was "established to encourage thrift," and that "absolute safety would be assured to customers."

JURY OF COURTIER.

The sudden death of a servant at Goodwood House, where the King is staying, brought into operation a curious historical custom.

Had not the Crown coroner decided that an inquest was unnecessary, twelve members of the royal household would have had to travel down from London to form the jury.

RIVER PIRATES.

Unkempt Foreigners Caught Sailing Off
with Two Mersey Fishing Smacks.

"Pirates on the Mersey." The suggestion seems to smack of fiction, but an incident on the great Liverpool waterway yesterday proved that there are audacious people who can bring a very good imitation of it into real life.

At daylight yesterday a number of Rockferry fishermen going down to their boat saw the two smacks Bonnie Katie and Mayflower weigh anchor and drift seawards.

What was the meaning of the boats putting out so early? The fishermen were amazed, and then became suspicious.

They manned several boats, and, after a sharp pull, overtook the wanderers.

They boarded the smacks and their investigations revealed a most audacious attempt at what might almost be termed piracy.

On each craft was an unkempt and ragged foreigner. They both speak very imperfect English, and gave the names of Richard Langar and Louis Gontinail.

They are believed to be stranded sailors, and admitted that they intended to sail the smacks to Germany. Both men were, later in the day, brought before the Birkenhead magistrates, but were put back until inquiries had been made concerning them.

CELL DOOR WIDE OPEN.

Escaped Prisoner Remains At Large for
Nearly a Week.

A wide-open door and an empty cell told a gaoler at Marylebone that Edward Matthews, a young man, remanded on a charge of theft, had escaped. The prison van was returned to Brixton, and a description of Matthews circulated. He was retaken in Pinlipo.

Smiling blandly and bowing low, he was again at Marylebone yesterday charged with breaking out of his cell.

In order that further inquiries might be made about him he was remanded.

SOLDIER'S LOVE TRAGEDY.

Artillery Driver Nearly Kills His Sweetheart
and Commits Suicide at Blackheath.

Dying miserably by his own hand on a lonely field in Blackheath, in the darkness of midnight, with a woman's appeal for mercy in his ear, driver Jesse Smith gasped his last in the arms of a policeman.

"I'm done," were his last words; "I've taken oxalic acid."

A yard away a woman struggled to attract attention with a cry of "Murder," rapidly growing more faint. She was his sweetheart, Clara Stoneman.

"He cut my throat," she murmured, "then poured poison down it."

A letter addressed to his brother peeped out of Smith's pocket. "I am going to do murder and suicide," was one significant sentence.

The soldier and the girl had known each other for some time; he was very fond of her.

The girl is expected to recover, and then the story of the tragedy may be revealed.

MOTHER'S CONFESSION.

Distraught Woman Says She Drowned Her
Children Because She "Had To."

Apparently unable to appreciate the gravity of her position, Louisa Mary Collison, of Walthamstow, was a tragic figure at Stratford yesterday.

She was charged with murdering her two children, Elsie and Kate, by drowning them in a tub.

To the officer who arrested her she said, "I cannot help it. I had to do it," and at the police station, "I done Katie first."

After listening to the witnesses, Collison staggered forward in a fainting condition. She was carried by two constables into the passage, where she fainted. She was remanded.

NOT A HELPFUL CONSTABLE.

"Didn't you arrest me when I intimated an intention to report you?" So R. F. Anderson cross-examined the constable who charged him yesterday at the South-Western Police Court with disorderly conduct.

Witnesses said that Anderson, assaulted by another man, had been arrested after vainly calling upon the constable for help. Anderson was discharged.

AFTER SEVEN YEARS.

Seven years ago a gooseherd at Wigton got drunk.

He has just been sent to prison for a fortnight's hard labour, more than 2,000 days after the offence.

TALE OF TWO HOUSES.

Why Mrs. Frederick Bailey Would
Not Come Home.

MOTHER-IN-LAW PROBLEM

A very ancient problem was submitted in the Divorce Court yesterday—the problem of the mother-in-law.

The sad facts of a domestic tragedy, as detailed by counsel, were as follows:—

In 1898 a Mr. Frederick Bailey, who is "something in the City," married Miss Lewis. He took her to live in a nice little house, and then some time afterwards, went away for a short visit to Manchester on business.

When he got back he found that he had got a new house! His mother-in-law, Mrs. Lewis, had taken it for him, and had given up the old one.

But what annoyed Mr. Bailey most was the circumstance that abutting on the back garden of the new house, which was in Glenard-road, Clapton, was the back garden of the house in which the mother-in-law herself resided.

Annoyance followed annoyance. Mrs. Lewis caused the party wall between the gardens to be broken down, and made the two sets of premises into one.

Mrs. Bailey Leaves Home.

Finally, after a series of evasions, the mother-in-law triumphantly carried away Mrs. Bailey from Mr. Bailey's house to her own house, alleging that the young lady was in need of nursing.

This was true, Mr. Bailey admitted. His wife was in bad health. The explanation of her breakdown, he considered, lay in the fact that she had been doing the domestic work of both houses, for the mother-in-law insisted that she should be waited on by her daughter.

At first Mr. Bailey was allowed to visit his wife, but after a while he was given to understand that his presence was not required.

At the same time his mother-in-law would not give his wife up, nor would the wife herself consent to return.

Mr. Bailey wrote several letters of entreaty. Mrs. Bailey replied:—

"Fred, I do not wish to see you, or to hear from you, and I am only sorry that six years of my life have been blighted by you."

So, Mr. Bailey was forced to bring an action for the "restitution of conjugal rights," or, in other words, ask for an order of Court that Mrs. Bailey should come home.

The case was adjourned.

"MARRIED TWO LORDS."

Woman Wants to Recover "Tons of Money"
She Says Was Sent to Her.

An elderly woman complained to Mr. Rose at Tower Bridge that the workhouse officials had detained clothes and money belonging to her.

"They took my 'cargo,' and then," she said, "they put me in a lunatic asylum, where I had no right to be."

Mr. Rose suggested that the Local Government Board should be asked to be called to.

"I am a titled lady. I married Lord Basford, and my second husband was Lord Bastable," continued applicant.

"How much money was sent to you?"—Tons of money; tons of it.

"I have no jurisdiction if the amount is over £15," said Mr. Rose, and applicant left the court.

PURSER v. PASSENGER.

Dramatic Turning of the Tables—The Sequel
to Excursion Steamer Fracas.

There was quite a dramatic turning of the tables at the Mansion House Police Court yesterday.

Henry Russell Ellis, of Warwick-road, Kensington, summoned Alfred Matthews, purser of the Yarmouth Belle steamship, who prevented him from boarding the steamer with certain luggage, pushing him violently backwards. The case was dismissed.

The purser thereupon applied for a summons against Matthews, who was immediately served, and the Alderman proceeded with the case forthwith.

Matthews said that Ellis had assaulted him during the dispute, and the passenger was fined 40s. and costs.

SECOND BETTER THAN THE FIRST.

To get two good things is much better than securing one. Many people obtained one good thing last Saturday when they purchased a copy of No. 1 of "Fannie Eden's Penny Stories," but they can even do better this week by investing a penny on No. 2 of this new story journal, which will be on sale to-morrow.

This week's number will appeal to all those who love a good story, and now that the holiday spirit is in the air, "Fannie Eden's Penny Stories" will be the favourite of fiction papers.

"LUCKY MISS DEAN."

Capital New Piece at the Criterion
Theatre.

A genuinely amusing and ingenious comedy is "Lucky Miss Dean," which was produced at the Criterion Theatre last night with Miss Ethel Irving in the title-part.

It is acted with spirit and enthusiasm, and is altogether far superior to the ordinary type of August entertainment.

Miss Acacia Dean, the heroine of the piece, is secretly married to a young artist, whose flat is just opposite her own. Their union is concealed because Acacia's allowance would be stopped if her relatives heard of it.

The artist, though idle, is a man of resource. He has conceived the brilliant idea of circulating a report that his portrait of Acacia has so delighted a certain wealthy Scotsman that he has left the young woman £300,000.

The effect of the notice is stupendous. Acacia's relatives suddenly discover that they have always adored her and arrive in relays with gifts and bouquets to congratulate her. Unfortunately they also stop her allowance as being immaterial to an heiress.

From this situation various amusing complications ensue. The fun is kept up to the last, and the ending is not at all upon unconventional lines.

Miss Ethel Irving is both charming and funny as the young wife, and handsome Mr. Marsh Allen plays the artist with an air of admirable unconcern. They are very well supported, and the first piece, with Mr. Charles Hawtree in it, is even worth the loss of one's after-dinner coffee and liqueur.

JUDGE'S HINT TO AUTHOR.

Sheppard Case Judicially Recommended for
Popular Humorist's Study.

Sir Gorell Barnes, in summing up in the Sheppard v. Sheppard divorce suit—the facts of which have already appeared in the *Daily Mirror*—yesterday, threw out a hint to Mr. W. W. Jacobs.

That author, his Lordship said, might be recommended to consider the whole matter as a character study, so extraordinary was the story which had been told.

Such was the president's comment on this strange case, in which an elderly gentleman, after losing the wife with whom he lived for forty-four years, advertised for a wife and married the petitioner.

The second Mrs. Sheppard was yesterday granted a divorce on the ground of her aged husband's relations with a Miss Scrivener, who had obtained a police court order against Mr. Sheppard in regard to her child.

The jury dismissed Mr. Sheppard's counter-charge against his wife respecting a dispenser and a solicitor's clerk.

WHITE GLOVE PROBLEM.

West End Shopkeepers Puzzled by Their
Persistent Popularity With Women.

Why do women wear white gloves?

A West End grocer admitted to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that white gloves make the hands look larger, and that he was quite unable to explain their popularity.

"They get soiled quickly," he said, "one afternoon's wear being that is possible, and they are more expensive than black or coloured gloves."

"Yet they are worn on all occasions, in the country, for driving, yachting, and even motoring."

"But the fact remains, white gloves continue in the fashion."

HOPELESS PRODIGAL.

No Leniency for Son Who Ruined His Home
and Robbed His Friends.

In passing sentence of six months' hard labour on Ellis Milford Charter, a well-connected young man, Mr. Curtis Bennett, at Westminster, said he had clearly refused to reform.

He had caused the death of his father and ruined a happy home. Helping friends had been robbed by him.

The charge against Charter was that he robbed Captain Falconer, Charter, befriended him, and the magistrate said emphatically it was not a case for leniency.

THE NEW FAVOURITE. "FANNIE EDEN'S PENNY STORIES"

has won immense popularity.
No. 2 will be

OUT TO-MORROW.
ORDER IT NOW.

TELL-TALE BANKNOTES.

"Debt Collector" in the Alleged
£20,000 "Long Firm" Frauds.

£50 FOR A HOLIDAY.

Richard T. Rosenberg, a motor-car driver, was charged at the Guildhall yesterday with being concerned, with others, in conspiring to defraud various firms of electricians of sums amounting in the aggregate to £20,000.

When the accused was arrested at Little Hagsby, in Oxfordshire, he stated that his name was "Miller," and that he knew nothing about the matter.

He was told that he was known to have in his possession banknotes the proceeds of the alleged frauds.

The accused said all he had was five £5 notes. He had given the other notes to Leslie, who is one of the men concerned in the case.

Rosenberg made a written statement to the effect that he collected debts for Leslie for 24 per cent. commission. He worked for Leslie for about six years at the Grand Theatre, Fulham.

Six or seven weeks ago Leslie bought him a suit of clothes, telling him he wanted him to collect money from City houses, but he wished this business to be kept private.

Leslie had gone away suddenly, telling Rosenberg that he owed money and expected a writ.

He gave accused £50 to have a holiday in Clacton, but, accused stated: "I went to Little Hagsby, to see my sister, instead."

Accused was admitted to bail for £2,000.

POLITICAL INDIGESTION.

Peace Plenipotentiaries Hagglng in Oyster
Bay Disturb Hungry Speculators.

CAPEL COURT, Thursday Evening.—A wet day, a little political uncertainty, in spite of M. Witte's denials, and the approach of the holidays on Saturday and Monday were all against the markets. However, brokers said that the marking down of prices was of the most nominal character, and that on the appearance of a buyer the dealers were very quick on the grab.

Still, all the little disadvantages meant that Consols were a shade lower at 90 5-16, and the failure of the Hull loan to find a home with investors may have helped. Still, it is really a good point, for there were a lot of Colonies and corporations lurking round the corners waiting to give the public loan application forms.

Perhaps one of the most interesting features just now is the copper market. Copper share speculators were a bit scared yesterday and this morning by the delay in publishing the fortnightly statistics of the metal. They sold, saying that somebody had got wind of bad figures. However, they proved satisfactory. So they were buying copper shares strongly again at the finish, including Rio Tinto, Anacondas, Eschschers, and Mason and Barrys.

There were only two cocky markets. One was the American section. The other, a bad second, was the Kaffir market. As regards Americans, all our prices were put over the New York equivalent, and New York made things still better in the afternoon, thereby expressing confidence as to the future.

Gamblers on the Stock Exchange had a finger in the Foreign Railway pie. Apparently they thought it well to get what plums they could out of it before the holidays. Friday to Tuesday and two astute peace plenipotentiaries hagglng in Oyster Bay were too much for the imagination of the hungry speculative crowd. So, with selling of Foreign Rails, prices were lower.

The possibility of political indigestion in Oyster Bay no doubt accounts for the uncertainty in the Foreign group. You cannot have Japanese and Russians eating out of the same political dish and relishing it, say the market men. So Japanese and Russian bonds are a little down in anticipation, and the downing of these securities means dulness for the rest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FRY AND CO. (G.): Certainly not.—INVESTMENT (F. G. Bristol): See the *Law* issue. The other thing is equally to be ignored. We have returned your papers.—BUILDING SOCIETY (L. W.): Satisfactory.

DON'T FAIL

TO GET

'The Daily Report'

1/2d. On Sale Everywhere. 1/2d.

IT WILL PAY YOU.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Nearly 500 children from Dr. Barnardo's homes left Paddington yesterday by special train for Birkenhead, en route to Canada.

So deficient in accommodation is one of the council schools at Patriock (Lancashire) that children, it is stated, have to sit on the desks, and even on the floors.

"It is like a church collection," said the magistrate at West Ham when told that a gas-meter, which was the subject of a charge, contained two pennies, three screws, and four buttons.

Scented soap, instead of the common article heretofore used, is to be supplied in penny tablets to the children at the Lambeth Workhouse Schools, Norwood, on the recommendation of the lady doctor.

For the palace of an Eastern potentate a remarkable multiplex clock has just been made by a London firm. It shows the time in thirteen cities of the world, thus enabling its owner to see at a glance, for example, London or Paris time as compared with that of his own capital.

Whilst returning from some sports at East Garston, Wilts, a constable dropped a bag of valuables and money. Next morning a neighbouring farmer found his dog on the doorstep keeping guard over the missing property, which was duly restored to its owner. For his services the dog was rewarded with a smart new collar.

YESTERDAY'S TRAMCAR SMASH AT RAMSGATE.



A tramcar descending Madeira-road, a steep, zig-zag thoroughfare from the East Cliff to the harbour, left the rails and fell thirty feet over the cliff. The driver, conductor, and three passengers were injured. The photograph shows the road close to where the accident happened.

Newsboys at Newport (Mon.) are to be licensed and provided with arm-badges, much in the same way as cabmen are.

Yesterday a Boston milling firm began grinding the first wheat of the season. This is unusually early, but the grain is in perfect condition.

Sentence of two months' imprisonment for stealing a 6ld. cap from a stall in the Bradford open market was passed upon a young man named Herbert Gectin.

Notice has been given that in accordance with Act of Parliament the Blackburn Town Council shall be recommended to pay the mayor, by way of remuneration, the sum of £700.

Although in his eighty-third year, Mr. John Johnson, parish clerk of Driffield, East Yorkshire, still performs his duties regularly, and this month is ringing the harvest bell every day at 5 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Oldham wants a third member of Parliament, and a resolution setting forth its claims in this respect was yesterday forwarded to the borough representatives and the President of the Local Government Board.

An interesting souvenir of his visit to Cardiff has just been accepted by the Prince of Wales. It is a pendant, 5in. by 2 1/2in., in which the royal badge of the Red Dragon is executed in enamel, surrounded by a border of leeks in silver.

Latest reports from Scotland indicate that sportsmen will find well-stocked moors on the Twelfth. Coveys are numerous, and the birds healthy and strong. Shooting over dogs will be difficult, and driving will, therefore, be necessary.

Besides many generous bequests to charities, Mr. George John Braikenridge, head of the firm of Messrs. Braikenridge and Edwards, solicitors, of Bartlett's Buildings, E.C., left his partner and clerk £1,000 each, charging the former to strive to conduct the business on the principles which had been adhered to by his late father, late brother, and himself during nearly a century.

CAN YOU SEE YOURSELF?

If You Can, You Have an Opportunity
of Getting a Prize of 10/6.

EIGHT PRIZES EVERY DAY.

There was a great rush at Llandudno and Herne Bay yesterday for copies of the *Daily Mirror*. Along the promenades and the seashore visitors were eagerly looking at the *Daily Mirror* groups of holiday-makers to see if they could recognise themselves, for recognition might mean that the halfpenny they spent on the *Daily Mirror* would bring in half a guinea.

We shall announce immediately the names of the fortunate prize-winners in these places.

To-day, in

SCARBOROUGH and WHITSTABLE

eight half-guineas are to be given away on this novel plan.

Yesterday *Daily Mirror* photographers took photographs of crowds of holiday-makers in these places, and the results appear on page 9. You may find your own picture in these photographs.

THE SEASIDE GIRL.

Qualities of a Flirt Defined by One
of Them.

WOMEN TOO MUCH BLAMED.

INTRODUCTION NO GUARANTEE.

How absurd it is to talk about promiscuous acquaintance as if it were something positively outrageous.

We are now living under King Edward, not in the Middle Ages. An introduction then was probably essential, but not now. Times are changed.

In London to-day girls and men meet promiscuously in trains and cars, and often develop a close friendship.

What does an introduction ensure? It does not alter the character or disposition of anyone.

Croydon.

G. C. PEARCE.

TO PASS THE IDLE HOUR.

I have followed your entertaining discussion on the "Summer Girl" all through, and have been vastly amused at the extreme views expressed therein.

It appears to be true that English people take their pleasures too seriously. Some of your correspondents evidently go down to the seaside deadly in earnest, and forget that most men simply flirt to pass the idle hours.

One of your fair readers accused us of being shallow-brained and silly. As a matter of fact, it requires a good education and plenty of experience to flirt successfully.

The only things necessary in the girl are a cool head and a nice appearance.

Cophall-avenue, E.C.

H. K.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

I am very much interested in your subject, "The Summer Girl." I have followed it from the beginning, and think that your correspondent "M. H. L.'s" letter is the most sensible I have read.

I am a "summer girl," but I do not regard "kissing and flirting" as my "highest enjoyment." Not one of the "summer men" I have met have ever attempted to kiss me. Of course, if girls encourage men, they must expect all they get.

I like men's company, but why do they always want to be flirting? Take the river for instance. I have refused a great many invitations this season solely because, if one goes, one is expected to flirt.

I have indulged in harmless flirtations with men whom I know well, and even then I have despised myself afterwards and the man, too.

Thanks to "M. H. L.," I shall try to resist fascinating man, in the hope that "happiness more enduring may arise."

MARION.

SENTIMENTALISM OUT OF DATE.

I have read with great interest the letters which have appeared day by day in your paper on the "Summer Girl," and the opinion I have formed is contained in a sentence which I once came across in a book, and which to my mind seems to aptly fit the situation.

It was "that there would be no such objectionable creatures as prudish coquettes if there were none." I think it is the same here.

Is it not men who commence flirtations in the first place, and who make all the arrangements for its continuation? The "Summer Girl" is merely a subject for flirtation. In some cases I've no doubt she meets him half-way, but still he is, nine times out of ten, the cause.

Women are women all the world over, and they are not to be blamed if they are tempted to indulge in a mild flirtation, in which there is absolutely no harm, for this is not an age of silly, sentimental girls. The majority now are endowed with a fair amount of good sense and judgment.

Westcliff-on-Sea.

A. VAUGHAN.

A GERMAN DOCTOR'S VIEW.

Two years ago, while staying at a seaside town, I made the acquaintance of a German doctor.

One evening we were out for a walk along the sea-front, and on reaching the pier he said to me: "I am going in for supper now, and you, I suppose, are going for a flirt?"

"No," I answered, "that is not in my line."

"What?" he continued. "You do not flirt?"

"What? I consider a fellow that will not flirt a fool. Flirting is educational; it gives you good experience in the handling of women, and when you go into company you feel the benefit of such training."

By such arguments as these he tried to convert me to flirting, but he succeeded not.

Now, sir, is the young man that objects to flirting "a fool?" The outrageous coquette will answer: "Yes, a sanctimonious fool!"

It cannot be denied, however, that flirting is the pastime of the light-headed and flippant, and no young man who desires choice and ennobling pleasure will indulge in it.

He may be a fool in the eyes of the different-man-every-night woman; nevertheless, he is preeminently wise—wise enough to know that it is not good for man to touch a flirting woman.

PRECISELY A NEW MAN.

If you do your copy of the *Daily Mirror* may be worth half a guinea to you.

What you have to do is this. Look at either the Scarborough or Whitstable picture on page 9, and if you are one of the persons in the photograph mark yourself with a cross, write your name and address on the spaces provided below the groups, put it into an envelope, and send it to the *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C., then if you are one of the four persons we have selected we will forward you 10s. 6d. by return of post.

To-day our photographers are taking pictures of holiday crowds enjoying themselves at

SOUTHEND and MARGATE.

These pictures will appear to-morrow, and prizes of half a guinea each will be awarded to four selected persons in the crowd at Southend and four at Margate.

Photographs of crowds will be taken at nearly all the big seaside resorts, including:—

Aberystwyth.	Felixstowe.	Skegness.
Blackpool.	Fly.	Southport.
Bournemouth.	Fleetwood.	Southsea.
Bridlington.	Poolestone.	Southwold.
Brighton.	Hastings and St.	St. Anne's.
Broadstairs.	Leonards.	Weston.
Clacton.	Hunstanton.	Super-Mare.
Cleethorpe.	Ilfracombe.	Weymouth.
Cromer.	Lowestoft.	Whitby.
Deal.	Morecambe.	Worthing.
Dover.	Ramsgate.	Yarmouth.
Eastbourne.	Rhy.	

Arrangements are rapidly maturing for the sand castles' competition. Already we have received many letters asking what the conditions will be, and we hope to announce to-morrow all the particulars of the first contest.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—

13, WHITEFRIARS-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2190 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflex," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1905.

WHICH IS THE BEST
TIME FOR HOLIDAYS?

MOST people's holidays are not governed solely by choice. They have to take them when they can.

Many M.P.s, for example, would be glad to escape from city-life in June, many lawyers would rejoice in being able to spend the early summer out of town. Their occupations forbid it.

The same prohibition applies to many other professions and trades. As a rule, doctors cannot leave their work until the majority of their patients have gone away for their summer trip.

All who have to do with finance must wait until the slack season comes. Business men are tied by the leg to their desks so long as business is brisk.

The tendency is for most people to take their holiday about the same time. That time is August and the early part of September.

Those are the "dead" months, the months when everybody who can escape to the country does so, the months when there is little doing in the towns, and when shuttered-up streets tell their silent tale of holiday-making by the seaside, on the Continent, or on the moors.

Numbers of people prefer to take their holidays late. They like to come back to a city-world from which summer has departed, which has the nip of autumn in the air.

If after their holiday they had to go through another period of stifling streets, of a sun burning down upon them out of a brazen sky, they would want another spell of rest and refreshment to fit them to get through another year's labour.

Others, again, declare that an early holiday is the best. They contrast the long evenings of June with the seven o'clock dusk of August and September.

They point out the delights of early summer flowers, of fresh, green foliage, of Nature at her prime, as opposed to the ripper charms of autumn, brown grass, falling leaves, parched flower-beds, and dried-up streams.

There are some, too, who are all in favour of a winter holiday, of a flight to lands which are certain of winter's joys—skating, sleighing, ski-ing, tobogganing, with a cloudless blue sky overhead and crisp snow underfoot, and an atmosphere that stimulates more effectively than the most noted brand of champagne.

Spring is a pleasant holiday-time, too, if you can get as far as the Riviera, with its soft airs and early blossoms and gay sunlit scenes, though the coming back to raw British March and April is always a bitter experience.

Whatever time of the year you take it though, a holiday is always a boon to those who have deserved it by hard work. One can only hope that just now, when so many are either away already or just thinking of going, the fine weather will soon come back.

August is a delicious month to be by the sea or in the heart of the green country. The sun, which oppresses the dweller amid brick and mortar, merely browns the cheek of the countryman with a pleasant glow.

The harvest glory is upon the fields. There are still gay flowers to take the eye. As the year advances, the garden even gains in the brilliance of its hues; its final stage is a perfect blaze of colour.

The atmosphere, warmed by months of sunshine, is soft and amiable. There are no fogs such as often mark an English June. In short, if there is a "best time" for a townsman's holidays, it is August, not only because the country is so attractive, but because by this time town-bias has become so very much the reverse.

E. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY

Women cannot see so far as men can, but what they do see they see quicker.—*Buckle.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

YESTERDAY saw the christening of the little son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and it is interesting to notice that at last the name of Charles has been given to a member of the Royal Family. Even now it is doubtful if the name would have been conferred on the little Prince had it not been out of compliment to his godfather, King Carlos of Portugal. John is another name given to him which has also not been much used in the English Royal Family. The King and Queen's baby son was called John, but he only survived his birth a week or two.

The house-party which the Earl and Countess of Lonsborough have been entertaining at Lonsborough Park, near Market Weighton, has been unusually large, and the guests have been amused by the series of elaborate entertainments given for the bazaar which Lady Lonsborough had been preparing for some weeks. Lord Lonsborough's house has always been kept up with a great deal of ceremony. He bears the title of Hereditary Vice-Admiral of the Yorkshire Coast, and in commemoration of the fact his table at Lonsborough Lodge is provided, at Christmas time, with a de-

accomplishment of her own. Perhaps the Countess Valda, who sings beautifully, is the best known of them. The head of the German branch of the Hohenlohe family is Prince Hermann, whose son, Prince Ernest, the Hereditary Prince, has often visited England. I remember that he was on his way to see Queen Victoria at Balmoral six years ago when he and his wife narrowly escaped death in a train accident. Another train collided with the back of the royal train and flung all the luggage in the vans into the saloon where the Princess was. She had to be rescued through a hole made in the side of the carriage, for the doors were locked; and the Count, who had hastened towards her when the collision came, was badly bruised and shaken.

The anti-motor sentiment has really become dangerously excited, if we are to judge by the violent attack which a peasant has just made upon the famous American millionaire, Mr. George Gould, and his family, who were travelling in their car near Lucerne. Mr. Gould has not aroused popular hostility before now, for his family give generously to charities, and he himself is a man of quiet habits, with little of the bluntness of some

famous comic singer, Paulus, is in a practically destitute condition and compelled to apply for admission into a home for retired singers at Auteuil. The "Maison de Rossini," as the home is called, was founded, I believe, on behalf of one of grand opera artists, but Paulus hopes that the directors may make an exception for him, and grant him a place in the institution.

Truly, the music-hall "star" is a strange being. For years the nightly salary which Paulus received in Paris was £25. In America he has earned £1,200 a month. Where has it all gone? Into what limbo of reckless speculation? Paulus has just given the explanation to a French newspaper. "I have lost all," he said, "save honour. I placed all my earnings in commercial enterprises which have failed. Fortunately my six children are grown up, and can support themselves. I only ask rest, and a man sixty years of age has certainly the right to ask it."

Lady Dudley is organising a great concert to benefit the funds of the Dublin Fusiliers memorial, and this promises to be the social event of the week. It is quite probable that Lady Iveagh may have a garden-party at Farnleigh, as she has done on several past occasions. The grounds are perfectly beautiful and admirably adapted for entertainments of this kind. Some few years ago Lord Iveagh erected a magnificent palmerium by the house, which really is a winter garden. It is now quite certain that Lord and Lady Dudley intend stopping on in Ireland until a change of Government.

Unless the Dublin Horse Show is postponed—and there is a rumour it may be—there will be big parties, not only at the Viceroyal Lodge, but at Farnleigh, Lord Iveagh's beautiful place a few miles out of Dublin City.

Lord Egerton and the Duchess of Buckingham have arrived at Tatton Park, Nuford, and here they will stay for some time to come. The Duchess, who is a tall, stately woman, is a sister of Sir Basil Montgomery, who, a few weeks ago, was married to Miss Theresa Verschoye.

The Duchess is a very well known figure in London, and may be frequently seen driving about in a dull mustard-coloured carriage with an earl and a dutifully obedient groom, embowered on it. Although the Duchess prefers to be called by that name, she no longer has precedence over that title, but goes to Court as Countess Egerton.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Major-General Pole-Carew.

ALL the world, and the military world especially, is in excitement over the news of his resignation. Since he came first into notice as an aide-de-camp to Lord Roberts, years ago, the public have always taken a peculiar interest in the man whom Mr. Thomas Atkins is accustomed to call "Polly Carey."

It is always a bird's nest to possess a "double-barrelled" name like his, and one which is pronounced so strangely—Pole-Carew—quite differently from the way it is spelt. A difficult name is easily fixed in the mind, and the first step to recognition thus obtained.

To the advantages of name and personal courage and ability, Sir Reginald Pole-Carew has been able to add good looks. He is a really striking-looking man, who carries his years lightly, and has several times, in consequence, been taken for a junior officer.

Once, in India, an obstreperous and blustering general hailed him across a balcony with a "Here, you with the face of a babe, come and have a drink!" That was unpleasant, but his youthful appearance has been an advantage more often than not. It has allowed him to be boisterously merry at an age when a staid character is supposed to be "the thing."

At dinner-parties in India Lord Roberts used frequently to lean across the table and call upon "Polly" to be more gentle in his laughter and fun.

It is a pity that he and the War Office should have fallen asunder, and that he should have felt compelled to interrupt so rudely his remarkably distinguished service to the country.

IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 3.—A morning walk round the sunny August garden is one of the sweetest of experiences. The great tears of a cloudless night deck each blade of grass, and seem to render the lavender and rose blooms all the more fragrant.

The song of a bird is getting sad now, but the wind among the cornfields is one of the happiest sounds of late summer. The lovely flowers of the cleopatra brighten many arches bare to-day of roses; while honeysuckles have begun blooming again.

Stately hollyhocks, rising above all other flowers, look like sentinels guarding the garden from autumn. But the first leaves are falling.

E. F. T.

"21 MILES AN HOUR—FIVE POUNDS—THANK YOU!"



Yesterday the "Daily Mirror" published a picture of an open-air police-court at Wantage. Here is an amusing suggestion from the "Brooklyn Daily Eagle," U.S.A., that the law should go a step further, and provide travelling police-courts to deal with offending motorists, and try cases as they go along.

corative but indigestible ship of sugar, which always delights the winter house-party there.

It was the late Lord Lonsborough who established a distinctly ceremonious method of living in his country-seats. He was a man of magnificent ways, who carried the "tipping" mania, which is the horror of poor people in country-houses, to a pitch of unexampled generosity. Always, on the way from Yorkshire to London, he used to present the engine-driver with a handsome gift. Most of the porters and guards who had anything to do with him have probably retired on their riches, and he would merrily scatter gold upon the attendants who showed him to his box at the theatre, which was his favourite amusement.

Count Gleichen, who so gallantly attempted to save the servant of the Princess Victor of Hohenlohe at her place near Northampton, belongs to a family which has ramifications all over Germany, to the Langenberg branch of the Hohenlohes. He is a godson of King Edward and a great favourite with the Royal Family. Like all his family, he is unusually clever, a man full of projects and adventures and of new devices for passing the time. Some years ago he directed a society paper called "The Latest," which had a short career. His idea was to bring out this paper at half-past nine every night, including Sundays, and it was suggested to him, I believe, by an American who had found it difficult in obtaining the late Paris and New York market prices at night.

There are three very clever Countesses Gleichen, sisters of the Count, and each of them has an

modern financiers about him. It is well known that he was the late Jay Gould's favourite son, and the latter set aside five million dollars as a special bequest in recognition of George Gould's "remarkable business ability."

Mr. Gould spends money in a more open-handed way than his father did. He has the usual millionaire's palace in Fifth-avenue, the American Park-lane in New York, and a country seat at Lakewood, New Jersey. He is a member, too, of fifteen or twenty clubs in America, and a director and box-holder at the opera there, where Mrs. Gould, who is a pretty, stylish woman, is seen nearly every night during the season. But his most expensive possession is his yacht, appropriately called *The Sybarite*—a gorgeously-decorated palace for the sea, with marble bathrooms, staircases, library, and panelled bedrooms.

The late Jay Gould made a good deal of his money, I fancy, by keeping a judicious eye upon the penny. One who knew him well described to me, not long ago, an afternoon spent with the millionaire in going over a certain famous country seat in England. The majestic butler showed them over—showed them the pictures, the grounds, the hot-houses. He put himself out, in fact, enormously to please the wealthy American. When the time came for departure Jay Gould whispered to my friend, "Say! Will a shilling do for this man?" My friend, who was poor, and therefore generous, scornfully replied by giving the butler a sovereign.

Lovers of the café concert (that is to say, almost everybody in Paris) will be sorry to hear that the

Reported by Camera:

LADY CHAMPION'S SWIM FROM RAMSGATE TO MARGATE.



Notwithstanding the predictions of experts, who declared that no swimmer alive could breast the currents and tides under the conditions prevailing, Miss Kellerman successfully accomplished her twelve miles swim from Ramsgate to Margate. Our photograph shows her in the water close by the boat from which her father, of whom a portrait also appears, watched his daughter's fine performance.

RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE PEACE ENVOYS IN AMERICA.

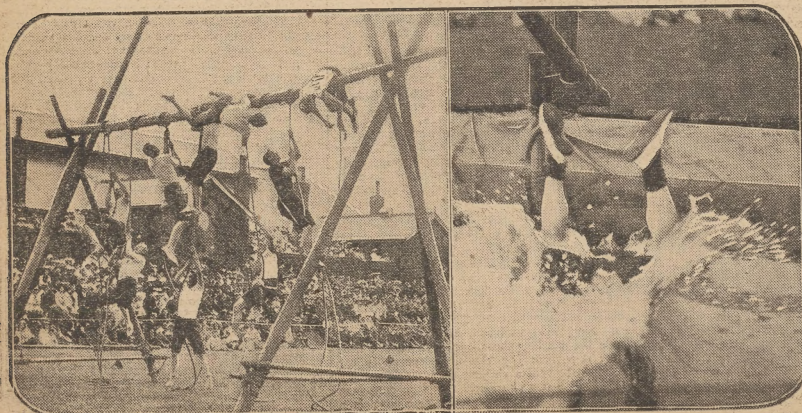


M. Witte, the chief representative of Russia in the peace negotiations, who has just arrived at New York. He states that he is "only an Imperial messenger sent to learn the Japanese terms of peace."



Baron Komura, the Japanese peace plenipotentiary. It is generally understood that he will refuse to negotiate with M. Witte, unless the Tsar's representative is invested with full powers.

ARMY ATHLETIC MEETING AT ALDERSHOT.



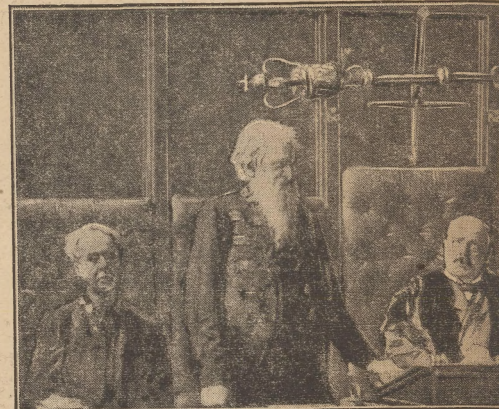
Snapshots taken during the non-commissioned officers' obstacle race. The photograph on the left shows the competitors climbing the ropes making one of the obstacles, and in the one on the right the winner is seen entering the water which was another of the difficulties in the way.

LORD LONDONDERRY AT



The Marquis of Londonderry, after performing the opening ceremony at the Edwards Settlement in Tavistock-place, watching the little ones play in the school. Standing by the side of Lord Londonderry is Mr.

SALVATIONIST GENERAL'S TOUR I



General Booth's reception in the Guildhall, Canterbury. The photograph comes. Mr. Bramwell Booth, his chief of staff, is on the right of the order named are Alderman Gentry (Deputy-Mayor of Canterbury),



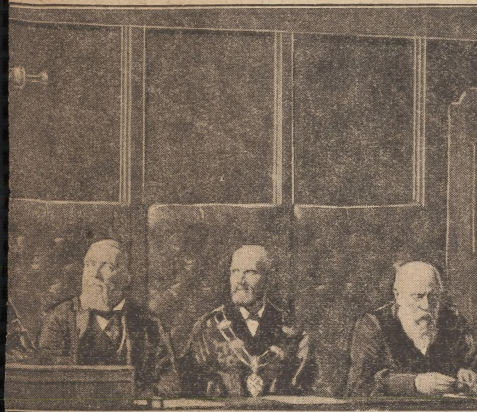
General Booth was addressing an enthusiastic meeting at Deal which right shows his departure from the Town Hall, Dover. Every body from the

THE NEW PLAY-SCHOOL.



at London's new holiday play-school for children—at the Passmore on the miniature sea beach that is one of the chief attractions of Humphry Ward, the originator of the play-school scheme.

KENT: SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



graph was taken as the General was returning thanks for his welcome as commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army, and on his left in the Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., and Mr. Godden, sheriff of the county.



photograph reproduced on the left was taken, and that on the right was taken on his journey the General has received the most cordial of welcomes from the authorities and the people.

The Day's News Portrayed

MAKING SAND MAPS.



Children at the Tavistock-place play-school making a copy of a map upon the ground with sand and stones. It is an excellent method of realising the ideal combination of instruction and amusement.

HAYMARKET ENGAGEMENT.



Miss Alice Crawford, the popular actress, who has just entered into a three years' engagement to appear at the Haymarket Theatre under Mr. Frederick Harrison's management.—
(Lallie Charles.)

IS YOUR PHOTO IN THESE GROUPS?



Name

Address

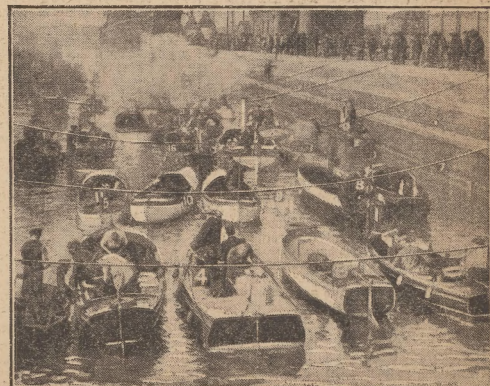


Name

Address

If you appear in either of these photographs mark your portrait distinctly with an X and write your name and address plainly in the space provided beneath the picture. Then send it in to the *Daily Mirror*, and if you are one of the four people we have selected in each group you will receive half a guinea. The upper group was photographed at Scarborough and the lower one at Whitstable. Full particulars of this competition will be found on page 6.

FLEET OF MOTOR-BOATS AT SOUTHAMPTON.



Motor-boats in one of the great docks at Southampton. The trials in the Solent for the selection of three English competitors in the International Cup races have brought together a greater number of motor-boats than has been known before in England.

MUSTARD KINGS.

Centenary of Messrs. Colman's Famous Business at Norwich.

A TOWN WITHIN A TOWN.

There is probably no one in the world who is indifferent to mustard. If a man does not take it he detests it. It is a condiment of such powerful originality that no one can take up an intermediate attitude in regard to it.

An account of the origin and development of the famous Colman mustard factory is peculiarly interesting in view of the fact that the centenary of the firm is to be celebrated this month at Norwich. The Colmans have made immense fortunes in mustard. It is said that a friend once expressed his astonishment to the founder of the firm that he should have become so rich on the mustard which people eat with meat. "It is not what they eat," replied Mr. Colman, "but what they leave on their plates that has made me rich."

The ancient city of Norwich, where the Colman firm is about to celebrate its centenary with holidays and rejoicing, may be described as the Mecca of the mustard trade. The familiar "bull's head" trade-mark of Colman's mustard is known all the world over from the Australian bush and the South African veldt to the Klondyke mining camps; and the delectable condiment alike inspires the British Navy and the United States Army, whose lines of march are strewn with empty mustard-tins. Indeed, the Norwich product is a world-power in the gastronomic sense of the word, and Colman's have put a yellow circle round the earth.

A COMMERCIAL ROMANCE.

The story of the rise and development of this great industry is a veritable romance in commerce, enterprise, when it is remembered that the manufacture was commenced, in modest "windmill" style, just a century ago by the founder of the firm (Mr. Jeremiah Colman) at Pockthorpe, then a suburb of Norwich; whilst the present Carrow Works, covering thirty-two acres, of huge mills and well-appointed steam factories, have three-quarters of a mile of river frontage, and have been aptly termed "a self-contained town of ceaseless activity."

Four generations of Colmans have contributed to the growth of this huge industrial hive on the banks of the Wensum—the late Mr. J. J. Colman, mayor and sheriff of Norwich and for a quarter of a century its M.P., being the most potent factor in the expansion and progress of the firm. It is no exaggeration to say that the progress of Colman's works—unrivaled in the Eastern Counties for their concentration and colossal size—has been identical with the growth and prosperity of Norwich. The lively bustle in the heart of the city, as nearly 3,000 employees enter upon or leave their work, furnishes ample proof on that score. It takes four buildings to store the mustard seed alone, and the immense amount of the firm's output is strikingly illustrated by a recent remarkable photograph showing three long trains on the Great Eastern Railway laden with mustard—an indication of the fact that mustard is ceaselessly being sent to both hemispheres by the ton in tins of charming design, in keels, in barrels, in casks, and Colonies, and America; in great iron tanks for New Zealand and Australia; in jars and tins for Canada; in bottles for Turkey, and in oak casks, which are transformed from the rough wood into the finished article at the steam cooperage "while you wait."

OTHER PRODUCTS OF THE FIRM.

Mustard, of course, comes first with J. and J. Colman; but starch, blue, cornflower, and self-raising flour are also the products of the humming hive at Carrow, which covers over one million square feet of floors, contains something like 7,000 windows, boasts a double line of railway in direct communication with the G.E.R. main line, and bristles with ingenious machinery and mighty engines.

The tin box-making and packing departments are also a revelation, for the tin-shop turns out boxes by the million, transforming miles of tin-plate into boxes with indelible speed; whilst in the making of wooden boxes of all sizes and huck-packing-cases the planks are sliced and smoothed and automatically nailed—reminding one of the Chicago pigs which are changed to sausages—by the magic application of labour and modern machinery.

The company has its own up-to-date printing department, skilled compositors, and lithographers, capable of turning out high-class work at the rotary press and the litho stone; they are their own bookbinders; they have their own plumbers, painters, carpenters, and blacksmiths; they mend their own machines when they get out of order; finding it useful and necessary to have a staff of nearly a hundred trained engineers and experts on the premises. Nay, more, they boast their own band (which once won the Crystal Palace prize), and a splendidly-equipped fire brigade.

It is refreshing to find that the firm of Colman's take a lively personal interest in the welfare of their employees, and that a delightful social and domestic side to the business has been established for many years.

The firm has done splendid educational work by

its schools, which have now been handed over to the City Education authority; whilst medical attendance is provided at the dispensary, and recreation-rooms, dinner kitchens, resting and refreshment rooms, and playgrounds are among the institutions of the place. Lady visitors and a trained nurses are also engaged among the families of the workers.

Among other helpful institutions for the benefit of the workmen are the pension fund and savings fund; and another advantage was added in the Colman Trust, by which the late Mr. J. J. Colman bequeathed £20,000 a year for twenty years, to be quite distinct from all the company's charities. With this money widows of old employees are helped, and old workmen and present ones are looked after, sent to convalescent homes, supplied with special medical aid and nurses and comforts, should infirmity or sickness overtake them.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

More Opinions from Our Readers on "Cruel Sport."

I was much impressed by a column in your paper referring to Lord Charles Beresford attending a bull-fight, and your comparison with that sport and pigeon-shooting. I may say I quite agree with you so far, that both sports are equally cruel.

But with all due respect to England's gallant admiral, I think men in such positions would do well to keep away from shows of cruelty and bloodshed, both for an example to the men under their control and to the general public at large.

I do not think Lord Nelson could have ever offered up his prayer before Trafalgar or hoisted his famous signal with thorough earnestness if he had visited bull-fights or such places of horrible sport, or rather slaughter. CONSTANT READER.

Horsell-road, Highbury.

Superior Tests of Skill.

Admitting that sport has made England great, let sport remain; but remove as far as possible the vices attached thereto.

Would not a ride over the country admiring its beauties make as good a horseman—say, and a better, too—than torture and death to even one of God's lowliest creatures?

How far removed in skill from the pigeon shooter is the man who can hit a six-inch bull's-eye at 200 yds., or a running man target with a single bullet?

Must we hold our place as a nation by shooting birds with a gun that will maim anything in an area of a couple of yards? G. F. L.

Tudor-road, S.W.

"Hunt Really Wild Boasts."

If the fox be a "varmint" (as I have heard him described in the country), by all means exterminate him, as we should wolves did they breed in our woods now.

But to kill a fox in a merciful way is a crime in the eyes of our "sportsmen," even if it has robbed you of all your chickens.

I should like "sportsmen," including "B. L. F.," to hunt packs of wolves, herds of elephants, and shoals of sharks, or alligators. Then they might say that sport fitted them to hold their own in the Colonies. E. A.

137, Ferme Park-road.

A Brutal Ride.

Once more the military ride has taken place in France, and has such a pitiless ending for some of the unfortunate horses.

Is there no law, either civil or military, that can put a stop to these annual exhibitions of brutality? They have been denounced time after time by the English Press and all right-minded people.

The whole thing is a disgrace to France and the brutal officers who run this cowardly race. DOWDNEY.

BOARD SCHOOLS AND BAD MANNERS.

My experience is that boys educated at private schools are just as bad as those educated at Board Schools.

We have a boy employed in our office educated at a first-class school in the City of London. I have taken notice of a few phrases he is in the habit of using:

I eld copper packet.

I ain't no bud.

That there book there.

I'll disher out a plate.

Yus, yer did nick my pen.

Geus it.

Leadenhall-street.

A. C. THOMAS.

I do not think teachers should be considered answerable for children's manners. Manners should be taught at home.

If parents find it difficult to train two or three children properly, how do they expect a teacher to manage who has perhaps fifty to teach? M. W.

24, Bridport-place, N.

PAT AND HIS PIG.

Mr. Alexander Williams says it is erroneous to state that any Irish peasant allows his pig to share the shelter of his cabin.

In the north of Ireland I have, however, more than once entertained at tea by an old peasant woman who had to accommodate her guests in the bedroom as the living-room had been given up permanently to the pig! E. C. S.

ONE FALSE STEP.

By HENRY FARMER.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

FRANK CHESTER.—A young man who comes to London after a University career. He is to be given a start in commercial life by the great Vincent Devenish, whose one false step is the removal from Devenish's table of some banknotes, which he fancies out of curiosity, and has not time to replace before Eve Daintree enters the room.

TOM MAYFIELD.—An old schoolfellow of Frank Chester's, heavily in debt. He has been entrusted with the notes by Chester, and promises to return them for him. But he mysteriously disappears, and is discovered at last, suffering from complete loss of memory, by some workmen. He has now been heard of in Liverpool.

QUEENIE MAYFIELD.—Tom's sister. An orphan. She has started in business as a florist and table decorator, in which she is succeeding. In love with Chester, and beloved by Mordaunt, who entraps her in a house where she supposes a party is to take place. In the course of a scene with him she falls and cuts herself.

DEXTER.—The obsequious, oily cashier in the office of Vincent Devenish. Has Chester in his power, owing to the fact that he has replaced the money which through the former's fault is missing from Devenish's room.

EVE DAINTREE.—The young widow daughter of Vincent Devenish, and heir to his wealth. Considered as a possible wife for Chester.

HESPER MORDAUNT.—Stockbroker, by whom Tom Mayfield is employed. Close friends with Dexter. Has offered to lend Queenie money.

VINCENT DEVENISH.—Of the Blue Star Line. A commercial and financial magnate.

CHAPTER XXXIII. (Continued.)

He was always clumsy of expression, Hesper Mordaunt; but this very clumsiness gave a strength and a sincerity to his words. What good there was in his nature was uppermost now. He had discarded all intention of using the money lent to Queenie as a lever to attain his end. The idea that she still believed him capable of driving a sordid bargain had cut him to the quick, and he was into shoving his hand sooner than he had intended. There was a time when he would have stopped at nothing to win her; but now he was actuated by the better impulses that she herself had awakened within him. He had paid the highest possible compliment to her redeeming influence. And he was much nearer achieving success now than he had been.

"You misunderstand me, Mr. Mordaunt," said Queenie quietly—it was the man who was hurried and carried away. "I have no feeling of that kind now. I have looked on you as a friend for quite a long time. I don't understand you. The money has not been borrowed. It puts me under no obligation to anyone. How it came into my possession is a matter that concerns me alone. So I insist that you take it, and we shall remain just the same good friends as we were before, and I shall always remember ever so gratefully the spirit in which you helped me."

Mordaunt took the notes and thrust them away in a pocket without so much as glancing at them. He looked at her humbly.

"I gave myself away just now. This game of friendship is easier for you than it is for me," he said thickly. "It's because I'm afraid of losing what little ground I've gained that makes a coward of me; but do you think if I go on as I'm going on now that one of these days I shall stand a chance?"

It had been ludicrous but for the man's sincerity. He might have been a schoolboy whose chance of winning a prize depended on his future good-conduct marks. Yet there was a suspicion of tears in the girl's eyes. He was still gross, staid, and unaccustomed and sparsely endowed with soul; though he touched her feelings and inclined her mercifully towards him. But her love was not hers to give him. It was inconceivable that he could ever awaken in her feelings other than one might feel for some great, clumsy, devoted bulldog, and the memory of the man just gone from her was still very vivid. And marriage to her was something inexpressible, sacred, and founded on anything but mutual love seemed sacrilege. Her spirit rose up in revolt at the thought of surrendering herself to this man. The very idea sent a shudder through her soul. Yet she was fond of him, very fond of him now.

"I must be quite frank with you," she said gently. "You can never be anything more to me than you are now, a great friend; and if I have made a false impression on you, I can only ask you to forgive me."

The big, strong-jawed man fingered his gloves with trembling hands.

"Is that so?" he said hoarsely. "Is that so, really, kiddie?"

This was the man who, but a brief while before, had done his best to buy her.

"Yes."

Mordaunt slowly pulled on one of his gloves.

"Mr. Mordaunt," the girl whispered. "I think it is better that you—that we should understand this now, than later, don't you?"

He scowled at her sullenly for a moment, and then seemed to get the better of his viler self. Some sunlight, streaming into the room, fell upon the girl, illumining her.

"Don't you?"

The man swallowed hard before making answer. "Yes," he said actually. "If that's all, so, and the sooner I realise the better—for me."

He tried to laugh.

"I've had some hard knocks in my time; but this is the hardest."

(Continued on page 11.)

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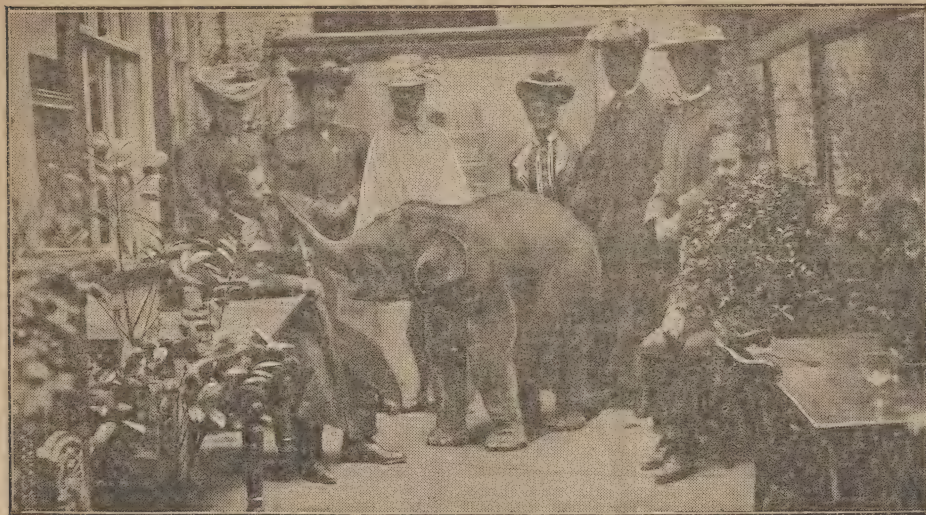
Edited by BRENDA GIRVIN.

No. 1, for AUGUST, contains: THE LITTLE MARQUIS, by SHEILA BRAINE, a Serial Story for Boys; and THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES, by MURRAY GILCHRIST, a Serial Story for Girls. Results of First Prize Competition and several New One-Short Stories—Amusing Articles—Verses—Illustrations—Rainy Day Club, &c.

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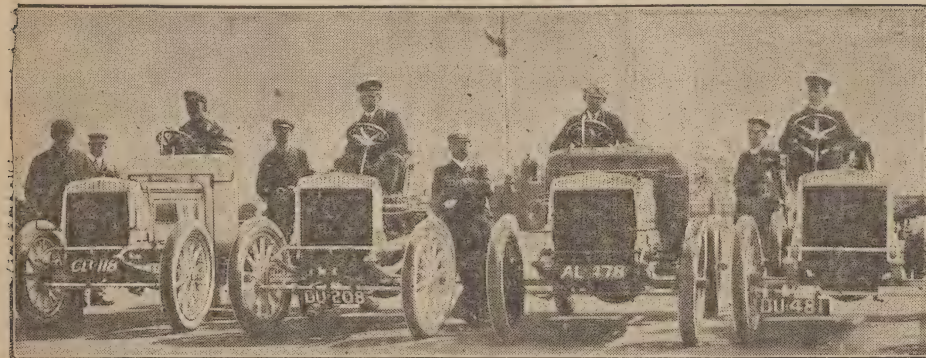
CHAPMAN & HALL (Eds.), London, and all Booksellers.

"JUMBO JUNIOR" VISITS THE CHESHIRE CHEESE.



Jumbo Junior at the Old Cheshire Cheese in Fleet-street yesterday, when the famous hostelry was visited by the party of American women from Pittsburg, who are visiting London on a tour organised by a Transatlantic newspaper.

PRIZE MOTOR-CARS AT BLACKPOOL.



Four Daimler motor-cars, which achieved success in the touring-car trials at Blackpool. For the purposes of the trial they were fitted with temporary racing seats, as may be seen in the photograph.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 10.)

Stepping up to her, he placed his big hands on her shoulders; but she did not flinch. He no longer inspired her with a sense of physical fear.

"You don't mind me taking one good look at you?" he said, trying to laugh again. "After to-day I shall not be seeing much of you. It's been friendship right enough with you; but I've been sailing under false colours all along. Only just remember this that if at any time something crops up when you feel the need of a friend, you must let me know. That's all. But I can't go on any longer as I have been going on lately. I can't stand it—I can't stick it."

His hands tightened on her shoulders as he kept her at arm's length and feasted his eyes for a moment on her face. Once there was a half-shortening of his arms as the temptation to crush her up to him all but prevailed; but the arms straightened out again, and his hands dropped to his sides. "I'm off now. Good-bye."

"Please, don't go like this," cried the girl, smitten with remorse, for she had used the man to serve her own ends. "Don't you see, don't you understand that I cannot give you that for which you ask? But don't misjudge me, or think me ungrateful."

"I don't. I understand; but I haven't trust myself alone with you another minute. I haven't learnt to master all the devil in me yet. I don't want to spoil my record. Good-bye."

The door slammed. Hesper Mordaunt had achieved his biggest victory over self, and was gone. A moment later his great car was racing away.

"Where to?" asked the chauffeur.

IN PREPARATION.

A New Serial Story

TO BE COMPLETED IN A LIMITED NUMBER OF INSTALMENTS
WILL COMMENCE SHORTLY.

"To hell!" was the startling reply.

Queenie went to the window and looked out. The two men who had played big parts in her life had passed out of it, close upon the heels of each other. A lonely vista of the future stretched before her eyes; but she possessed much courage. She would take up life afresh, and begin it all over again—and try to forget.

There was her brother; there was Pllie Peyton; there was the business. Relationship, friendship, and daily occupation. Between these three she would endeavour to divide her thoughts, so parcelling them out that there should be no room left for other thoughts.

But these theoretical orderings of one's life as a rule break down badly in practice. The heart is not governed by rules of thumb, and, like memory, will play truant, despite the severest discipline.

At last, with a look of resignation on the self-reliant little face, the girl turned from the window, and, gathering up fruit and flowers, set forth to visit her brother at the hospital.

When she reached the gates a great crowd was gathered round and barred her entrance. All eyes were riveted on a horse-ambulance drawn up outside the porch; but she herself could not see this. Something was taken from the ambulance and borne swiftly into the hospital.

"Going twenty miles an hour, I should say," said a man in the crowd. "It was the child's fault—tried to cat across in front of it. I saw him catch hold of the wheel—the chauffeur seemed to have lost his head. The next moment they were into the lamp-post and the car was scrap-iron. I never saw anything like it in my life. The chauffeur was killed on the spot. I don't suppose the other poor fellow has long to live."

"And the child?" questioned the man at the speaker's elbow.

"Never so much as touched."

"Is it known who he is?"

"I haven't heard. A big-shouldered fellow, with a moustache and a heavy jaw. It seemed to stick out a couple of inches when he grabbed the wheel. I shan't forget it as long as I live! I reckon that that child, or the damned fool of a mother who let it go loose about the streets, has cost two lives!"

All this reached Queenie's ears. Although there

was no further gruesome sight to gratify their prurient curiosity the crowd still pressed round the gates.

"Let me get through!"

The crowd opened out grudgingly for the girl.

"Who was the man whom they carried in just now?" she whispered to the porter.

"A London gentleman—Mr. Mordaunt, so they say."

A whisper, rather than a cry, left her white lips.

"Will he—will he live?"

"More than I can tell you, Miss."

"Ask them if I may go to him."

The porter shook his head. They had borne the injured man straight to the operating theatre.

"If you are a friend of his, miss, I dare say you will be allowed to see him later on. I will find out for you."

"Mr. Locke will see you presently," said the porter on his return.

Mr. Locke was the house surgeon who had looked after Tom Mayfield. But more than an hour passed before he entered the waiting-room. As he did so he caught sight of a red splash on his cuff, and thrust the cuff well up his sleeve out of sight. He was not callous; but he was being perpetually called on to face grief, and he knew it to be the more merciful in the long run to speak the truth quickly and simply.

"Please tell me—about Mr. Mordaunt," breathed out the girl, her words scarcely audible.

He shook his head.

"He may live through the night. You are a friend? And would you like to see him?"

She could only incline her head.

"He is still under the influence of the anæsthetic. There was just a chance that an operation—"

He stopped abruptly. There was no purpose in entering into detail. He thrust the tell-tale cuff a little farther up his sleeve.

"He shall know that you would like to see him, Miss Mayfield, as soon as it is possible."

"I shall be with my brother."

Queenie was seated beside her brother's bed when they came to summon her.

Her white lips were muttering rapidly as she followed the white-haired, grave-faced matron.

(Continued on page 13.)



A SURREY BEAUTY SPOT

In the special Summer Number of "Cycling" a writer described a very charming Surrey village known as Holmbury St. Mary, and in singing its praises said: "The dominating feature of the whole district is the pine-trees." He then went on to say that "among such a plethora of beauty it is rather invidious to select any particular walks as of especial interest or beauty, especially as the temptation is merely to stroll into the woods (which only end at the garden walls of the cottages) to enjoy the beauties at hand, and to drink in the odour of the pines." Everyone who knows this delightful village will recognise that no more than justice has been done to it, and no one who has once wandered over the fir-clad hills will forget the delicious, healing, refreshing, invigorating fragrance.

THE ODOUR OF THE PINES

There are comparatively few people who have the privilege of living at Holmbury St. Mary or similar places, but everyone can have the delicious fragrance of the pines in their own dressing-room, as it is embodied in "Antexema Soap," a perfect soap for hair and skin, the soap that beautifies both. It is a truly delightful soap, which keeps away blackheads, redness, roughness and greasiness of the skin, and keeps the skin sweet, healthy, and pure. You may possibly think we exaggerate the virtues of "Antexema Soap," but if you do we ask you to accept the free gift we offer to all our readers, and apply a practical test to "Antexema Soap." We have no fear as to the verdict.

PERFECT SKIN-HEALTH

Everyone knows that the surface of the skin is covered with hundreds of thousands of pores, and these are like little doors at the end of the glands, and the dirt and dust which settles on the skin has a great tendency to mix with the perspiration and fatty secretion of the skin, and so stop them up. The pores ought to be open, so that the perspiration and natural oil of the skin may find a proper outlet, and if the passage is stopped up not only will the skin suffer but the general health will also be injured. To keep them open soap is necessary, and a perfect soap is one that not only takes the dirt off the skin but also takes the dirt out of the pores, so that they can breathe and perform their other functions thoroughly. That is why "Antexema Soap" for the hair and skin should always be used.

WHY PEOPLE HAVE BAD COMPLEXIONS

The most important things in this world are frequently the things that people pay least attention to at the time. When the mischief is done they sometimes look back to some slight incident or some apparently unimportant blunder that has altered the whole of their subsequent life. This is as true of personal habits and personal appearance as it is of other things. There are many men and women to-day who are lamenting the fact that their skin is shrivelled and bad in colour who at one time had as good a complexion as anyone need wish for. What has worked the change and made the skin unhealthy? Generally speaking, it is due to two causes—first, carelessness and thoughtlessness, and, secondly, the use of bad, common, and injurious soap.

HOW PEOPLE SECURE GOOD COMPLEXIONS

There is a simple way in which all who have had complexions may improve them, and those who have good complexions may preserve them. The secret is found in the systematic use of "Antexema Soap." It removes the scales of dead skin from the surface, it cleanses, purifies, and draws the dirt and dust out of the pores, and it brings out the activities of the skin and enables it to furnish its own beauty. That's another good reason for using "Antexema Soap." You cannot ask for a better bath soap for children than "Antexema Soap." It cannot injure the dainty, peach-like bloom of baby's face, which is the envy of older people, and the sweet, silky, glossy hair will receive an added lustre from its use.

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Washing Costumes, as now worn, large variety to select from - at
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Send Postcard with your name and address, for our Autumn Fashions Plate which will be sent, post free, when completed.



Coat and Skirt complete, 5/- as illustration.

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Clothing made to measure below shopkeepers' prices; good Business Suits from 37/6; special discounts during Sale; Ladies' Jackets, Mantles, and Tailor-made Costumes from 25/6; Cycle Suits from 18/6; delivered on small deposit; perfect fit guaranteed. Patterns and new American Self-measurement Forms Post Free. No objectionable inquiries, quick delivery. Write Dept. 304, A. THOMAS, 317, Upper St., Islington, London, N.

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A COOL DUST CLOAK FOR A HOT RAILWAY JOURNEY—THE AUGUST BREAKFAST-TABLE.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S CORNER

A BREAKFAST MENU AND SOME GOOD RECIPES.

What is your idea of a palatable breakfast for a hot day? Surely it is, first and foremost, one that tempts the eye, and thereby stimulates the jaded appetite. Mushrooms or tomatoes, if nicely grilled and served on neat pieces of hot-buttered toast, are always much liked, while a dish of nice crisp lettuce gives a pretty finish to the table. Medical men urge the necessity of eating fruit of some kind at our first meal. No breakfast table should be considered complete without a dish of uncooked or nicely stewed fruit, and this all the year round, though in summer the need is most urgent.

MENU.

Breakfast Pie.
Pickled Salmon. Buttered Shrimps.
Grilled Tomatoes on Toast.
Stewed Raspberries and Currants.
Brown Scones.

BREAKFAST PIE.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of breadcrumbs, quarter of a pound of cold meat or ham, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of chopped onion, three-quarters of a pint of stock or sauce, a desertspoonful of mushroom ketchup, salt, and pepper.

Chop the meat very finely, mix with the crumbs, parsley, and onion, then add the ketchup and stock and a nice seasoning of salt and pepper. Slightly grease a pie-dish, put in the mixture, cover the top with breadcrumbs, put a few tiny bits of butter here and there on top, and bake the pie in a moderate oven for about half an hour. Serve it hot with a little finely-chopped parsley sprinkled over the top.

Poultry or game are excellent cooked this way.

PICKLED SALMON.

INGREDIENTS:—The remains of cooked salmon; equal quantities of vinegar and the liquor in which the salmon was cooked. To each pint of liquid allow quarter of an ounce of allspice and peppercorns, two bay-leaves, half a teaspoonful of salt.

Remove the skin and bone from the fish, taking care to keep the fish as much intact as possible. Lay it in a pie-dish. Boil together the vinegar, spice, and bay-leaves, let them get cold, then strain the vinegar over the fish; it should well cover it. Keep the dish covered till it is time to send it to table.

BUTTERED SHRIMPS.

INGREDIENTS:—One ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, half a pint of milk, half a pint of shrimps, a few drops of lemon-juice, salt and pepper, hot buttered toast.

Shell the shrimps. Melt the butter in a saucepan, then add the flour, and stir it in smoothly. Now add the milk gradually and stir this sauce over the fire till it boils and thickens. Now put in the shrimps and let them simmer gently for a few minutes, but on no account let the sauce boil. Meanwhile make some buttered toast, trim off all crust, season the mixture carefully with salt, pepper, and cayenne, and heap it upon the slices of toast. Serve it very hot.

GRILLED TOMATOES ON TOAST.

INGREDIENTS:—Four tomatoes, salt and pepper, rounds of hot buttered toast, half an ounce of butter.

Cut each tomato in half round-ways, and either grill them over the fire or in front of it, or, if more convenient, they might be cooked on a tin in the oven. Have ready some neat rounds of hot buttered toast, put two halves of tomato on each, dust them with salt and pepper, put a tiny bit of butter on each, and put them in the oven for a minute or two till the butter is melted and the

tomatoes are hot through. Serve them at once. A little finely chopped parsley sprinkled on each makes a pretty contrast in colour, but remember only very little is needed.

STEWED RASPBERRIES AND CURRANTS.

INGREDIENTS:—One pound of red currants, half a pound of raspberries, half a pound of loaf-sugar.

Look over the raspberries very carefully and stalk the currants. Put them in a saucepan with the sugar; they will not require any water. Stew

sugar the good the fruit should do to the consumer is altogether lost.

BROWN SCONES.

INGREDIENTS:—Three-quarters of a pound of whole-meal, quarter of a pound of flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two ounces of butter, half a pint of milk, a pinch of salt.

Sieve together the flour, baking-powder, and salt, and mix these and the wholemeal together. Then rub the butter smoothly into them. Now add the milk, gradually mixing it smoothly in. Turn the



A very pretty demi-toilette bodice for a country house is depicted above, composed of black pin-spotted net and plaques of rose velvet, the whole trimmed with ficelle lace. The Inverness cloak sketched on the left is made of cream alpaca, trimmed with bands of coarse lace to match it in colour, and is fastened with two Dresden china buttons.

them gently till the fruit is tender. Let it cool slightly, then turn it into a glass dish and leave it till cold. You may prefer to add more sugar but it is a great mistake to make stewed fruit too sweet, especially when it is intended for the breakfast table. Frequently by the addition of too much

mixture on to a floured board, wet it out to the thickness of half an inch, then stamp it out into rounds with a round cutter. Place the rounds on a greased baking tin, and bake them in a quick oven from ten to fifteen minutes. These may be served hot or cold.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 11.)

Reaching the screens that they had placed round the bed, the matron motioned her to wait. A legal-faced man tiptoed out, and went his way. Again the matron motioned Queenie. The nurse moved away from the bed as the girl glided in like a ghost.

"Kiddie."

The word came whispering from the shattered thing lying on the bed.

"Kiddie—I'm glad you've come. Come quite close to me—I can't see such these damned bandages—"

Hesper, Mordaunt reached out gropingly with the one hand left to him. She took it, and in her agony pressed it to her bosom over her heart, keeping it there as if to infuse into the dying man some of her own life-blood.

He seemed to feel the throb of her heart, for a faint colour tinged the grey-white face.

"Keep it there, will you, Kiddie," he murmured. "I've never—never been so close to your heart before."

She bent over him and kissed his forehead. A tear splashed down. The man sighed.

"You won't go, will you?" he muttered after a

long spell of silence, during which he seemed to have been dozing.

She pressed the hand she held more tightly to her bosom.

"You were making another man of me," he murmured a little incoherently. "I wish you had come into my life earlier, much earlier. I should have stood a better chance. You may not believe it, but I was a fairly decent fellow when I first stepped out into life, but somehow—but what's the use of crying over spilt milk. And I've managed to snatch some whiffs of happiness. Do you remember that drive in the car at Brighton? You rubbed it in thick, Kiddie, but I'd give all I know to have it over again."

He gave the ghost of a laugh.

"Terms—strict friendship, eh? Easy enough for you—not for me. But somehow I see more clearly now; the lark isn't meant to mate with the bird of prey—but I've made a clean breast of things. I wanted to clear my conscience as best I could before you came to me."

He was muttering very drowsily now, like one who was keeping awake with much difficulty.

"Dex and I did some blackguardly tricks between us—he'll have to face the music—I'd not have given him away if he had only played straight with me; but I'm wasting time—I can't keep awake much longer. Come closer to me, Kiddie, you seem to be going away from me!"

"No, no! I'm here—quite close!"

"I say, Kiddie, some fellow wrote something about it being better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all—and, by God, he's right!"

Again a ghost of a laugh, but very feeble now. "Best of all to love and win, but we can't have it all our own way in this life."

He was silent for a long time; then—

"Do you think you could manage to put an arm round me, Kiddie, and let me feel that pretty face of yours close—quite close to my face?"

She placed her arm beneath his neck. He was propped up with many pillows, and his bandaged head sank on her bosom.

"You haven't gone?" he whispered suddenly.

"Kiddie, you've not gone—"

"I'm here, here—ever so close."

"Where?"

"Here, here."

Great strength seemed suddenly to be granted to her. Raising him up with both her arms, she gathered him to her.

Death was knocking impatiently on the screen.

"Closer still, Kiddie, closer, my little Daisy Dimple. Let me lie—in your heart—forgive a God-forsaken blackguard—let me lie in your heart!"

Death had passed behind the screen.

(To be continued.)

Insuring Against Loss of Hair.

MR. GEO. R. SIMS' TATCHO POLICY.

Many business men and women say that they attribute the fact that they are able to keep their berths to their being able to keep their hair in a youthful condition. Unconsciously many men and women for the want of this simple precaution have found the first nail driven into the coffin of their business careers. Every year the cry

"Too Old at Forty"

becomes more acute. When Professor Osler, who has just arrived from America to take the chair as Professor of Medicine at Oxford, said that men should be chloroformed at sixty, he was not taken seriously. From the point of view of being able to make a living, how true it would have been if Professor Osler had put it that we might as well be

Chloroformed at Forty,

because the man is bald or showing a tendency that way, or the woman grey and sparse of hair. Now there is a remedy for all this if people will but apply for it. That remedy is Mr. Geo. R. Sims' "Tatcho." "Tatcho" alone will do it.

Those engaged in commercial pursuits where youthful appearance is a sine qua non (and in what business is it not?) cannot do better than take the cue from the Army and Navy. Officers high in authority say that greyness and baldness are, thanks to "Tatcho," now practically unknown both in officers and rank and file. By using "Tatcho" you are positively

Insuring Against Loss of Hair,

greyness, or actual baldness. A touch of "Tatcho" occasionally is all that is required. "Tatcho" is not a remedy for the rich only. The institution of the system by which the public are able to obtain, carriage paid, a

4/6 Trial Bottle of "Tatcho" for 1/10

has brought "Tatcho" to a level with other necessities of life. The system was instituted and is being continued solely to educate the people to the value of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery. Each user being a living testimony to the powers of "Tatcho," a hundred thousand users are of infinitely greater service in securing an enduring reputation than a hundred thousand pounds spent in the orthodox methods of Press publicity. In "Tatcho" you have the specific which is in use in the Army and Navy hospitals and convalescent homes, and is being prescribed by doctors themselves to hundreds of patients and non-patients. Humourously speaking, success in overcoming baldness, falling hair, and grey hair is assured by the use of "Tatcho."

CUT OUT THIS COUPON,

and send with P.O. or stamps for 1/10 to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London. By return you will receive a full size 4/6 trial bottle of "TATCHO," Carr. Paid. D. M.



Icilma.

Icilma Natural Water is a marvellous, painless remedy for styes, sore eyes, chilblains, chaps, nettle-rash, sprains, bruises, cuts, burns, and insect stings. Frevents and cures sunburn, prickly heat, eczema, and irritations from bath riding or waxing.

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Its marvellous healing and beautifying powers, its refreshing effect when tired, irritated, or warm, its absolute harmlessness, make ICILMA a necessity in every home and in every traveller.

Water in tin. Cream in tin. Soap in box. Send 2d. stamps for samples Soap and Cream, and Booklet with Coupon.

ICILMA CO., Ltd. (Dept. B), 142, Gray's Inn-road, London

GOODWOOD CUP DAY SPOILT BY RAIN.

Red Robe Wins the Cup for
Mr. A. James—Admirable
Crichton's Fine Form.

"GREY FRIARS" SELECTIONS.

Goodwood, Thursday Night.—The wretched weather was not the severest trouble to backers in the Cup day, which, by the way, was one of the weakest races ever seen for this famous trophy. The book distinctly pointed to Henry the First, albeit his big weight and well-known unreliable temper made some backers pause when bookmakers asked for odds of 2 to 1 on.

The biggest plunger did lay the odds, but he saved on Red Robe, an easy task, as very long prices were procurable, though finally 8 to 1 was the general tender. De Witt and Uninsured cut prominent figures in the early stages, run at a very slow pace, but De Witt dropped out before half the journey had been traversed.

When the troop reappeared from behind the trees, in the last six furlongs, Henry the First had moved up close to the leaders, of whom Uninsured travelled well. That horse cracked in the straight, and Henry, on the stand side, seemed about to win, until Red Robe, profiting by his light weight, and running on gamely, pressed the favourite so closely that Madeline had to use the whip, and immediately Henry the First had quite enough of the struggle, and suffered defeat by three-parts of a length.

The rain, the sea mist, the strong south-westerly wind, and the sloppy conditions under foot, made the afternoon very disagreeable for visitors. The King and Queen, with the Duke of Richmond's house-party, and the more distinguished of the patriars, ignored the discomfort of the wet day, but there were comparatively few of the general public present: One expects the Cup day to be the most brilliant of the week, but the circumstances this afternoon made it absolutely the dulllest and dreariest.

It was noticeable in the Corinthian Plate that only two amateur riders figured, and these gentlemen, though allowed 7lb, did not shine against the professionals. Mida collapsed in a remarkable style, and Kirkby won comfortably at the close from Isabella, ridden by the owner. Randall, one of the cleverest of the jockeys, had bad luck at the starting-gate on several occasions, and through a mishap of the sort Ward Rose probably lost the Hainaker Plate, which was won by Mr. Neumann's Retaliator.

Lord Derby's recent good fortune received a check in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, wherein Anniversary II. made a poor show against Gorgos, the latter adding to Mr. Arthur James's score in the Goodwood Cup. Gorgos won in smooth style, and, indeed, Medelstone fairly beat Anniversary II.

Dean Swift, a strong favourite for the Drayton Handicap, ridden by Randall, got left by many lengths, and never could recover the lost ground. But Mr. Jack Joel's ill-luck in this respect found no counterpart in his brother's fortunes, as Mr. Sol Joel's Whitechapel won after a pretty race, in which Nirvanah and Corchub played a big part for the greater part of the way, albeit Pomegranate beat the latter pair in their places at the close. That popular rider, Wheatley, was reported for foul riding in this race.

Although the Rous Memorial Stakes only brought out two runners, intense interest was excited by the duel between Sweet Mary and Admirable Crichton. Odds of 3 to 1 were laid on the filly, but she appeared to be merely cantering behind the Admirable for nearly half a mile. Then Maher put on pressure, but Sweet Mary failed to stay, and suffered a decisive defeat by a head. Dillon eased the winner in the last few strides, and curiously enough Maher believed his own mount had won.

The rain much improved the going, and this fact was very much in favour of Admirable Crichton. The colt must be marked as one of the best seen out this season, and with ordinary luck this half-brother to Pretty Polly should develop into a really first-class racer.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

GOODWOOD.
Chichester Plate—MELVAY.
Chichester Cup—SANSOVINO.
Molecomb Stakes—VICTORIOUS.
Kassau Stakes—CHERRY LASS.
Gordon Stakes—FULL CRY.

SPECIAL SELECTION.

FULL CRY. GREY FRIARS.

COURSE BETTING AT GOODWOOD.

ST. LEOER.
2000 to 1000 agst Cherry Lass (4) Robinson
400 to 100 Cicero (4) P. Peck

SNAPSHOT FROM GOODWOOD.



Winner coming in to scale.

RACING RETURNS.

GOODWOOD.—THURSDAY.

1.30.—GOODWOOD CORINTHIAN PLATE (Walter Handicap) of 200 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs each. Colonel H. Kincaid Smith's KIRKBY, 4yrs, 12st 3lb. Mr. Mita's ISABELITA, 4yrs, 10st 7lb. H. Jones. Lord Dudley's MIDA, 5yrs, 12st 8lb. Maiden. Duke of Devonshire's ADAMAS, 5yrs, 12st 9lb. Martin. Mr. L. de Balthazier's EYER, 5yrs, 12st 10lb. K. Cannon. Mr. G. Ward's ELECLES, aged, 12st 7lb. B. Dillon. Mr. H. Gorge's CADWAL, 5yrs, 11st 4lb. Rickaby. Mr. J. Bannett's PARAPET, 5yrs, 11st 2lb. Halsey. Lord Cadogan's Ward Rose, 5yrs, 9st. Captain Hombay's John Shark, 5yrs, 10st 8lb. (Winner trained by Leach.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 5 to 2 agst Mida, 3 to 1 Kirkby, 1 to 1 Cadwal, 5 to 1 Boverly, 100 to 3 each Isabella and Etelecs, and 20 to 1 others. "Sportman" prices the same. Won by three-quarters of a length; three lengths separated second and third.

2.0.—HAINAKER PLATE of 200 sovs. Five furlongs. Mr. L. Neumann's RETALIATOR, 5yrs, 7st 6lb. Saxby. Lord Wolverton's DARIA NOVO, 5yrs, 7st 6lb. B. Jones. Mr. L. O. Elgar's FRUGINETTE, 5yrs, 7st 6lb. Maiden. Mr. J. Buchanan's Court Mail, 5yrs, 7st 6lb. Griggs. (Winner trained by Gilpin.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 2 to 1 agst Ward Rose, 5 to 2 Hesthale, 7 to 2 Adams, 100 to 15 Fruginette, 8 to 1 Daria Nov, and 100 to 7 Court Mail. "Sportman" Prices: 5 to 1 Daria Nov, and 120 to 7 Court Mail. Daria Nov won easily by two lengths; three lengths between the second and third.

2.45.—GOODWOOD CUP of £2,000; second receives 200 sovs, and the third 100 sovs. Two miles and half. Mr. J. James's RED ROBE, 4yrs, 7st 10lb. Griggs. Mr. J. Musker's HENRY THE FIRST, 4yrs, 9st 8lb. Maiden. Duke of Westminster's RYDAL HEAD, 4yrs, 9st 8lb. Hare.

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 5 to 4 each agst Gorgos and Anniversary II. 100 to 1 Medelstone, 20 to 1 Uninsured, and 50 to 1 De Witt. "Sportman" Prices: 4 to 1 agst Rydal Head, 10 to 13 Red Robe. Won by three parts of a length; a length and a half between the second and third.

3.15.—PRINCE OF WALES STAKES (Post Sweepstakes) of 500 sovs each subscription, for two-year-olds. T.Y.O. Mr. A. James's GORGOS, 8st 11lb. H. Jones. Mr. H. Barnard's MEDELSTONE, 8st 11lb. B. Jones. Lord Derby's ANNIVERSARY II, 8st 11lb. Maher. Mr. D. Baird's HALLOWEEN, 8st 8lb. Rickaby. (Winner trained by Gilpin.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 5 to 4 each agst Gorgos and Anniversary II. 100 to 1 Medelstone, 20 to 1 Uninsured, and 50 to 1 De Witt. "Sportman" Prices: 6 to 5 each Gorgos and Anniversary II. Won by a length; five lengths between the second and third.

3.45.—DRAYTON HANDICAP of 500 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each for starters. The last seven furlongs of the course. Mr. Sol Joel's WHITECHAPEL, 5yrs, 8st 11lb. Maiden. Sir E. Vincent's POMEGRANATE, 4yrs, 8st 11lb. Plant. Mr. L. Neumann's NIRVANAH, 5yrs, 7st 6lb. Saxby. Lord J. B. Jones's Dean Swift, 4yrs, 8st 11lb. Randall. Mr. E. Leach's LANCASHIRE, 4yrs, 8st 11lb. Dillon. Lord Derby's CHANCER, 5yrs, 8st. Wheatley. Mr. Imber's POLLY, 5yrs, 7st 6lb. Griggs. Mr. E. Carlson's CORCHUB, 5yrs, 8st 11lb. M. Cannon. Mr. J. C. Sullivan's The Page, 5yrs, 8st 11lb. Templeman. Mr. A. Hamilton's TOP, 5yrs, 8st. (Winner trained by C. Peck.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 5 to 2 agst Dean Swift, 1 to 1 each Chancer and Nirvanah, 2 to 1 Whitechapel, 100 to 14 Corchub, 10 to 1 Lancashire, 100 to 8 each The Page, Top, and Pomegranate, and 100 to 7 Pollen. "Sportman" Prices: 100 to 15 Nirvanah, 8 to 1 Whitechapel, 10 to 1 Pomegranate, and 100 to 7 Pollen. Won by half a length; a head between second and third.

4.15.—ROUS MEMORIAL STAKES of 20 sovs each, with 500 sovs added for the owner, and 100 sovs for the jockey. The course for two-year-olds. T.Y.O. six furlongs. Major E. Loder's ADMIRABLE CRICHTON, 9st 2lb. B. Dillon. Mr. Douglas Clarke's SWEET MARY, 8st 8lb. Maher. (Winner trained by Gilpin.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 3 to 1 on Sweet Mary. "Sportman" Prices: 11 to 4 on Sweet Mary. Won by a head.

Mr. J. M. Kern's Vibrant is entered for the Old Castle Hurdle race to be decided at Baden-Baden on August 24.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

GOODWOOD.

MOLECOMB STAKES of 30 sovs each, with 200 added, for two-year-olds. T.Y.O. (six furlongs).
aVictorious 9 2
Bitter Pill 9 2
Savanna 9 2
Colon 9 2
aTeresa 9 2
Newburgh 9 2
Prevailant 9 2
Cabal 9 2
Leverant 9 2
Bannister 9 2
Dane Agnes 9 2
Kenneington 9 2

NASSAU STAKES of 30 sovs each, with 200 sovs added, for three-year-olds. Gallop, Gallop, Gallop Course (one mile and a half).
Cherry Lass 9 8
aVernia 9 8
aStoic Voice 9 8
Graceland 9 8
Pamela 9 8
aAmie 9 8
Renaisance 9 8
aUniform 9 8
Galantine 9 8
Queen of the Earth 9 8

GORDON STAKES of 1,000 sovs, for three-year-olds. Old Mile.
aPull Cry 9 8
Camden 9 8
aDivorce Court 9 8
Pamela 9 8
aVernia 9 8
aUniform 9 8
aSpad 9 8

CHICHESTER PLATE (Handicap) of 250 sovs. Five furlongs.
aSunny 9 8
aMely 9 8
aMely 9 8
aMely 9 8
aMely 9 8
aMely 9 8
aMely 9 8
aMely 9 8
aMely 9 8
aMely 9 8

CHICHESTER CUP (Handicap) of 400 sovs (part in specie, added to a sweepstakes of 15 sovs each. Craven Course).
aSunny 9 8
aMely 9 8
aMely 9 8
aMely 9 8
aMely 9 8
aMely 9 8
aMely 9 8
aMely 9 8
aMely 9 8
aMely 9 8

ALL-AGED SELLING PLATE of 103 sovs. T.Y.O. (six furlongs).

IRISH GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

Play in the third round of the Irish open golf tournament was commenced at Dollymount, Dublin, yesterday morning, in bad and wet weather. Third Round Results.—Dodd beat Lewis by 1 hole, Ross beat Cairnes by 4 and 2, Todd beat Campbell were all square, and Chaytor stood 2 up on Cadow at the seventh. Mitchell beat Robinson by 3 and 1, after being all square in the thirteenth. Givstone beat Jackson by 6 and 4, Barrington beat Leatham by 6 and 5, Kerr beat Cowan at the nineteenth, Todd beat Campbell by 8 and 1, Cadow beat Chaytor by a hole, Brander beat Robertson by 3 and 2, Worthington beat Moore by 8 and 2, Henry Boyd beat Palmer by 3 and 1, Johnson beat Feggie by two holes, Easterbrook beat Flunkett by 8 and 5, Morgan beat O'Donnell at the nineteenth hole, and C. E. Healey beat Potter by one hole, Martin beat Stanley by 4 and 2.

RAIN STOPS CRICKET.

Out of Seven Matches Play Was
Only Possible for a Little
While at Bath.

Rain fell heavily all over the country yesterday, and cricket was quite out of the question at all the grounds. They did make a start in the match at Bath, between Sussex and Somerset, and Sussex lost six wickets for 73 before the game had to be abandoned again.

SUSSEX.
Vins, b Hardy 0
Relf, c H. S. Poyntz, b Leach 11
Hardy 1
Killick, not out 33
E. L. A. Smith, c Hardy, b A. F. Somerset, not out 17
son, b Lewis 7
Total (for 5 wickets) 78
J. Flowers, W. Newham, Butt, and Cox to bat.
Somerset.—S. M. J. Woods, P. R. Johnson, H. Martyn, H. S. Poyntz, F. M. Lee, A. E. Newton, S. A. Freeman, Brand, Robson, Lewis, and Hardy.

Not a ball was bowled in the matches between Surrey and Kent at Beckenham, between the Australians and Worcester at Worcester, Nottingham and Gloucester at Nottingham, between Yorkshire and Hampshire at Hull, and between Essex and Middlesex at Leyton.

In the last-named match the proceeds were being set apart for Tom Russell, the popular Essex wicket-keeper, who for to many seasons has done yeoman service for his county.

At Lord's the game between Rugby and Marlborough had to be abandoned as a draw. The scores were: Rugby 200 and 144 for four wickets; Marlborough, 179.

C. B. Fry was not playing at Bath yesterday, or he might to-night be second in the averages to Hirst. The present position of the two international cricketers is as under—

	Inns.	Not out.	Total.	Highest.	Aver.
C. B. Fry	33	3	2,020	233	67.13
Hirst	33	8	1,738	341	57.30

Unless Hirst does something extraordinary in the match at Hull, Fry will remain at the top for another week at least.

HOLIDAY ANGLING.

Where To Go for the Week-end—
Some Big Takes of Roach.

Yesterday's rain, although it stopped cricket, and spoilt Goodwood, was not altogether an unmixt evil to some sportsmen—notably anglers. I refer to the fact that during the last week many anglers, who only get the holidays for their favourite pastime, have been looking up their tackle, reformatting books, and overhauling rods in anticipation of two or three days by the riverside, and the anxious inquiry is, Where shall I go, and what is the state of the river?

The rain will undoubtedly have freshened up many rivers, but more is still needed to put them in tip-top trim. This applies particularly, of course, to inland rivers. Just at this time of the year I prefer tidal water for my sport. But, then, I am an inveterate roach angler.

Two resorts I have been to this year have yielded me magnificent sport. Both are near the sea, and both are in comparatively small tidal rivers. I refer to the South-eastern and Chatham Railway, in Kent, served by the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway, and the Ouse, at Lewes, in Sussex, on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway.

Home of Big Roach. At both of these places roach of a pound and upwards are as plentiful as blackberries, and I have a couple of photographs by me as I write of two takes of roach, one by Messrs. Byer and Langton, of the Eagle Angling Society, and Mr. Gray, of the Good Intent, of 80lb., in which the thirty biggest fish weighed 36lb., and another taken by myself on Wednesday evening of a day weighing 21lb. In this case there were seven fish between 1lb. 9oz. and 1lb. 12oz. Moreover, the catch was made on the morning I came down, and went on in my hand before breakfast.

I will not say which of the two places this take came from, but whichever it was, it was a very good one, and a very good one. Just a small piece of white paste and a little ground bait worked down on the line is all that is required, and it is done in a very easy way from the bank or from a boat.

Perch are feeding in the Thames, and Mr. Hobbs, of Henley, had a very good one, and the other day, Roach and chub may also be looked for all along this splendid stretch of water. Shipkay, Wargrave, Henley, Marlow, Bourne End, Sonning, Reading, Pangbourne, and Goring are all good stations for anglers who choose the upper Thames for their holidays. Fine tackle is requisite, and bait is not to be done in this splendid stretch of the Thames Valley.

Good takes of roach have been made in the lower waters of the Thames, and at Hampton Court, Surbiton, and Shepperton, but here the fishing is not great unless a patient and a professional are engaged. It is no use or other this kind of fishing does not appeal to me, it is, however, all right for lazy or delicate anglers.

Sport in the Lea. Some splendid baskets have been made in the Lea of late. Mr. Maybury, of the Good Intent, tells me he has had excellent sport at Cheshunt, where the famous King's River Fishery can be fished for 2s. a day. At Broxbourne the Crown water has also yielded good roach, and here is a day is the charge.

At St. Margarets, a splendid Rye House good sport has been met with on occasion, but these public waters are too crowded at holiday times, and one could hardly expect to secure much and a take.

To those who can go further afield the Norfolk and Suffolk waters afford delightful angling. The rivers Yare, Bure, Acre, Waveney, and others, and many others all hold splendid coarse fish of all kinds, and the broads of which one may take an almost unlimited choice, although holding rather smaller specimens, except in the way of pike, give sport when river fishing is "off."

The Avon at Christchurch is another home of big roach, and probably more two under a stone come from this river than any other in the kingdom.

Out of these angling resorts it should not be difficult to choose a pitch for the holiday, and whether the lines be tight or not, "it's an excellent and health-giving pastime."

CITIZEN.

Yesterday's "Racing Calendar" contains the entries for the Newbury Autumn Three-Year-Old Handicap. There are forty-four entries, and included among them are Thrush, Song Thrush, Plum Crown, Costly Lady, Cherry Ripe, Riccio, Polymicus, and Sir Daniel.

UMPIRES WHO MAKE MISTAKES.

Bad Mistakes in First-Class
Cricket—Suggested Remedy
for Big Matches.

AMATEURS TO STAND.

By F. B. WILSON
(Last Year's Cambridge Captain).

A difficult question, in some ways an unpleasant one, is the following:—How can umpiring be brought to such a pitch of excellence that the expression "umpired out" is impossible.

It is unpleasant because it would seem that in attempting to improve the umpires at present existing some stigma must be cast upon them. As a matter of fact, no intention could be further from the mind of any first-class cricketer, for all players understand that the hardest work in any match is done by the two men in white coats, who stand all day, watch every ball, and have their nerves strung up for hours on end.

The umpires are no doubt impeccable. Yet mistakes occur, and occur in the most important matches, so frequently that it is obvious that some new system of deciding the question of "Out or not out?" must be hit upon, and that shortly.

How a Blue Was Lost.

Take a true story of a man struggling for a "blue" this year. In one match he was given out caught at the wicket in the first innings, and leg-before in the second off a ball which he hit, and hit hard. In the following match he was also given out caught at the wicket off a ball that he was never near, but which hit him on the leg. Though it does not affect the question directly, he was next run out through a bad mistake, so that he was obviously a "Jonah man." Competition for places in "Varsity sides was keen this year, and this unlucky player was never tried again.

When one reflects that a "blue" is worth a great deal of money—an aspect of sport which must be remembered, however distasteful it may be—in many walks of life, it is a certainty that steps must be taken to ensure the inclusion of the best man in "Varsity and other teams.

Many a side has come off the field and remarked, "We were simply umpired out of it." As things are at present, there are bound to be many other teams who will make the same statement.

A Natural Chocole.

The remark of the guileless young bowler in club cricket who, when asked which end he would bowl, promptly remarked, "At our umpire's end," does not apply in first-class cricket. But the hours are too long, and the strain is too great, in, for instance, a Test match, or the Eton and Harrow fixture.

For remember what an umpire has to do. He must watch every ball bowled; and at the bowler's end he must do this in about half a second's time. Watch the bowler's arm to see whether he is bowling fairly; watch his feet for no-ball; follow the flight of the ball and determine whether it would or would not hit the wicket; follow the bat from start to finish of the stroke; and judge whether the ball or half a hundred other things made the slight click which raised a shout from the field.

Why Not Amateurs?

A man cannot be expected to do all these things hour after hour and day after day without ever making a mistake. But what is the remedy? That is indeed a difficult riddle, but one that has a possible solution.

Amongst amateurs there are many men who play the game for its own sake, and who are willing to do anything to further its interests. Such men would be only too pleased to umpire for two or three hours a day in important matches, such as Test matches, "Varsity matches, and so forth.

At first, quite naturally, it would be difficult to persuade even the best of sportsmen to undertake such a thankless task as that of umpire. But in time modesty would give way to the sporting instinct. Names one must not give, but followers of the game will be able to pick out for themselves many players who would sacrifice their comfortable seats in the pavilion to benefit the game, and give that hard-worked community, "The Professional Umpires," three days' holiday from their arduous duties.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

All who suffer from the heat should add a few drops of Condyl's Fluid to the Daily Bath.

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People who eat, not because they want to, but because they must, find their Strength and Energy diminish, and suffer a feeling of Lassitude and Weariness that robs pleasure of enjoyment, and makes life itself a burden. The little food that is eaten often causes Heartburn, Wind, Hiccoughs, Sickness, and much Discomfort, if not actual pain.

When you are Tired-out, feel Weak, Food does not Nourish you, and your Appetite is poor, you need Guy's Tonic. It will revive your Strength, ensure perfect Digestion and Assimilation of Food, promote Appetite, and restore Nerve Power. It strengthens the entire System, correcting the causes of Indigestion, Debility, and Loss of Flesh.

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Mrs. Fennell, of 13, Lime Tree-walk, Sevenoaks, Kent, writes on 6th May:—

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